

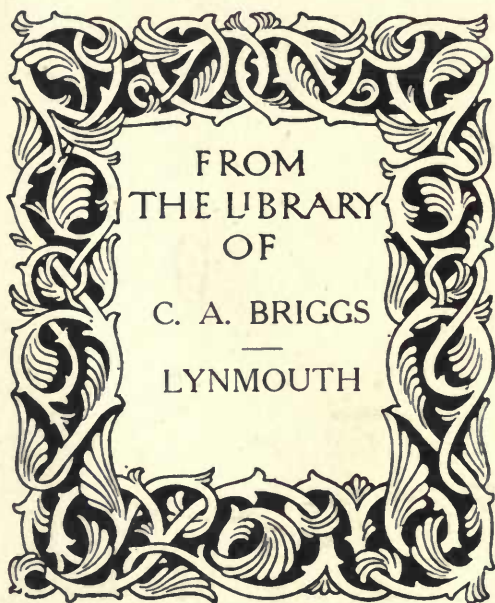
BYGONE

SOMERSET

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CUMING WALTERS





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NORTH DOORWAY ST. JOSEPH'S CHAPEL, GLASTONBURY ABBEY.

Bygone Somerset

Edited by
Cuming Walters.

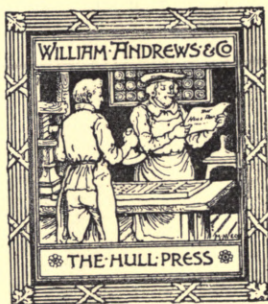
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TO
W. R. HUGHES, ESQ., F.L.S.,
TREASURER OF THE CITY OF BIRMINGHAM,
AND
AUTHOR OF "A TRAMP IN DICKENS-LAND,"

THIS VOLUME,

which may recall to him many pleasant conversations
on his favourite poet Tennyson and his
most admired hero King Arthur, is
dedicated by his friend

THE EDITOR.

Preface.

THIS volume is not a county history nor a county guide ; but either directly or incidentally it covers the history of all the principal places in Somerset. The object of the editor and his coadjutors has been to treat of antiquities and romance, rather than of events which, however important in their way, have no special interest for the general reader. Each chapter is complete in itself, but it will be found that where possible each follows the other in relative sequence. The plan adopted in previous volumes of the "Bygone" Series has been maintained in this, an effort being made to treat antiquarian subjects without recourse to technicalities, and to bring into as great prominence as possible the romance associated with localities. At the same time it is hoped that no historic facts in connection with the county and people of Somerset have been wholly overlooked, and that the volume, if it achieves its main object of entertaining the general reader, will also be found not lacking in value to the student.

CUMING WALTERS.

MARCH, 1897.

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BYGONE SOMERSET.



Somerset County.

AN INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

TO mention facts purely prosaic, we may premise that Somerset is a maritime county with an area of 1,640 square miles, and a population, according to the last census, approaching half a million. At the present period the county is given up wholly to useful industries and quiet pursuits, and the events of the day add little or nothing to that long history which begins with remarkable myths and amazing romances, and includes some of the most striking chapters in the history of the English nation. With its relics and antiquities, its cave-dwellings, megalithic circles and hill-fortresses, its Roman and British camps and cities, its magnificent abbey and cathedral, its memorials of Saxon chiefs and West Country heroes, its traditions of Christianity, and its battle-fields, Somersetshire is indeed a county to which the student and antiquary can ever turn as an inexhaustible treasury of rich facts. In the limestone caverns or "bone caves" of the Mendips have been found the traces of pre-historic man; the stone circle at Stanton Drew reminds us of the mystery of that vanished race which has

left monuments without a name to its exceeding might throughout Western Europe; and the sites of fortresses on the hills of Cadbury, Dolbury, Hamdon, Worlebury, and others, are mementoes of the warlike semi-civilised tribes whom the Roman invaders found in the land. The city of Bath is the noblest relic we possess of the conquering and luxurious embassies of Cæsar; the ruins of Glastonbury enshrine the earliest Christian legends; the marshes and islands are associated with Saxon feuds and with Great Alfred's early struggles; on the plains, as on a scroll, the diligent searcher may find chronicled in unmistakable lines part of the story of the Wars of the Roses and of Roundhead and Cavalier contests; and so we come down through long intervals until Somersetshire men fought and fell for handsome Monmouth on the field of Sedgemoor.

What first strikes one as peculiar and exceptional is that etymologists are at variance as to the origin and meaning of the county's name. As a rule the question of derivation presents no great difficulty, but in the case of Somerset we have at least three alternatives, each of which has an equal claim to studious consideration. First, the name is said to have been the Anglo-Saxon Sumorsæte, or Suth-mor-sæt, designating the south moor camp. Originally, however, the name denoted a tribe, not the land, and was applied to the settlers round the royal town (*tân*) of Somerton. This has led to the conjecture that the county was called Sumertunset, of which the modern Somerset is a contraction, and parallels can be adduced for this form of nomenclature.

Somerton, the town, was a Saxon summer residence, and in the Welsh language Somerset was known as Gwlâd-yr-Haf, or the land of Summer, doubtless from its mild climate. This, again, has led to the assumption that Somerset may be the Anglicised form of the Welsh term, but conversely it has been declared that the Welsh term is a twelfth century translation of the Saxon. It is worth noting that in Latin documents the county is spoken of as *æstiva regio*, or summer-land, and the well-known Celtic scholar, Professor Rhys, believes that a mythical origin must be sought for the description which afterwards was attached definitely to the locality beyond the Severn, the summer or southern river. As we shall see in the articles on Avalon and Camelot, this district was a stronghold of early romance and of ancient heroes who passed into myths, and consequently the ascription of a mythical origin to the name of the region is not lacking in probability. What we know with certainty is that the county was overrun by a valiant tribe who were distinguished as the Sumerscetan.

The features of the county are well defined, striking in their peculiarity, and of ancient note and importance. Its natural advantages have been known to successive races of Britons, Romans, and Anglo-Saxons. The Mendip mining area is one of the oldest worked in the kingdom, for before the Roman occupation lead was obtained from it, and the iron ores of the Brendon Hills were extracted. Pigs of lead have been found in this region bearing the names of Claudius, Vespasian, and other of the conquering

military leaders who made Somerset one of their earliest centres of civilisation. It was in all respects a suitable county for them, with its accessible coast, its fertile pastures, its rocks and richly-veined hills, and its mineral springs.

We cannot refrain quoting some of the quaintly written, yet eminently instructive passages from Dr. John Campbell's "Political Survey of Great Britain" (1775), in which Somerset comes in for his enthusiastic praise. He tells us that it "enjoys from the Bounty of Providence almost as many and as signal Advantages as an intelligent Mind could wish," that it is one of the fairest, richest, and most spacious counties in the kingdom, and that "it is not the sole Praise of Somersetshire that Nature has done so much in her Behalf, we must also allow that the Inhabitants have, in a good measure, made a right Use of her Gifts." Following this comes a glowing account of the excellent work in which the inhabitants are engaged, and lest the reader should deem the writer biassed or his words too commendatory, he concludes with the emphatic assurance:—"There is nothing in this Account exaggerated; it is a Sketch rather than a Picture; and if it was our Business, or the Compass of our Work would allow us to treat these things minutely, we have it abundantly in our Power to set them in much stronger and fuller Lights, without the smallest Violation or Exaggeration of Truth." The worthy Doctor had to complain, however, of the neglected state of the moors, and he deemed them "a Discredit to so fine and opulent a County."

Somerset history goes back to very remote

days, and some of its heroes have become shadowy and half-mythical. The marshes were the last home of Saxon freedom, and the scenes of several epoch-marking contests. The year 658 is that definitely mentioned when Somersetshire came under the sway of the victorious Saxons, the West Country (including Wales) being the last part to yield to the "Pagans." The territory was included in Wessex in 710, after the defeat of Ine by Gerente, whose chief fortress was Taunton. The chieftain was the founder of Wells Cathedral, and two hundred years later the city became the seat of the bishopric.

Somerset has not been noted for the number of its worthies in literature, art, and science, and when we mention the proud claim of Ilchester to have produced Roger Bacon, we set forth the solitary glory of the county in this connection. The interest of Somerset lies in other directions—in its antiquities, in its feverish agitations, and in those haunting charms of scenery which no visitor has ever failed to perceive. In these pages the endeavour has been made, not so much to tell a connected story of the county, as to single out the leading episodes in history for relation, to recall some of the legends, to reproduce some of the half-lost incidents of antiquity, and to narrate the most important facts contained in the records of towns and districts. The material is attractive, and the treatment, we hope, has not robbed it of that quality.

Sedgemoor and the Monmouth Rebellion.

BY KINETON PARKES.

THE great tract of country which lies in the heart of Somersetshire, bounded by the Mendip range on the east and the Quantocks on the north-west, and through which the River Parret has its course, is exceptionally rich in anthropological, archæological, and historical material. Quite recently, investigations have been made which have yielded a vast store of knowledge, as to the ways of life of those remote ancestors of our race of whom we have had up to now, but little acquaintance. Indications of the existence of a pre-historic race in these parts were discovered some two or three years ago, and now the remains of a lake or marsh village have been brought to light near Glastonbury, and several dwelling-mounds have been investigated. The walls and hearths of these primitive dwellings have been found *in situ*, the former, six feet in height; and associated with the latter, articles of wood, pottery, flint, stone, horn, bronze and iron have been discovered. Moreover skulls of men and women, and more or less complete skeletons of children have been found, so that the beginnings of history glimmer upon this strange, far-away, murky horizon: the beginnings of the history, not only of Somersetshire, but of our country and of our race, for

there are no indications of a break of any very considerable magnitude which would warrant us in placing the date of these early dwellers in the county in a previous geologic age.

Thus then, did the history of this tract commence, in that far away, dateless period, with which the geologist, or at any rate, the anthropologist, rather than the historian deals. Entering the more legitimate domain of the latter, however, we still have a period of very respectable antiquity with which to deal, for there are ample indications of the previous existence of ancient British camps and earthworks, and numerous traces of the struggles of the Celts against the invasions of the Romans and of the Saxons. Here, driven to bay, in this impregnable natural fortress of watery marsh and treacherous bog, the last representatives of the Celtic, as a homogeneous race in England, made their stand, and their bold, poetic spirits were only crushed, not quelled by the superior cunning of the Roman civilisation, and by the superior brute-force of the Saxon barbarian. Here they perished at length, and left many an indication of their presence in the characteristic dialect of the county.

Early in the seventh century, a Christian church was founded at Wells, which was then adjacent to the marshes, and now for a very considerable period, the history of the marshes is concerned with their occupation by the Saxons, and with their wars with the Danes and with the Welsh. The peace of the dwellers in the marshes was often assailed by these races, and we come to look upon the incursions of the representatives

of the early Celts as depredations, now that they have for so long been ousted from their country. In the year 853, we find King Æthelwulf, aided by the Bishops of Winchester and Sherborne, successfully repelling the attacks of the Welsh, and driving them from the mouth of the Parret, whither they had proceeded up the Bristol Channel; they were not able to penetrate into the marshy strongholds of the Saxons. After the peace of a few years, even more formidable enemies appeared, and not only was the seaboard attacked, but the Danes marched westwards and made inroads into Wessex. Now arose our national hero, King Alfred, son of Æthelwulf and Osburh, daughter of Oslac the Goth, born in 849, and King at the age of twenty-two, and the history of the marshes for a few years is his history; in reality the marshes became at this point of time the heart of England, and from them England as we know it to-day, has been conquered. The marshes were the base of all King Alfred's warlike operations; they were the centre from which all his movements originated.

The Isle of Athelney bears one of those historical names, which every child lisps in his earliest school-days. Around the name of Athelney are clustered the legends and stories which indicate the character of him we were early taught to regard as the greatest Englishman. Here, on the dry, or comparatively dry portion of rising land, situated at the confluence of the rivers Parret and Tone, and called the Isle of Athelney or *Æthelinga ige* in those days, King Alfred raised a fort to protect his followers from their enemies, and later, about 888, he founded a

Benedictine Abbey, which must have been a stately and magnificent structure, from the character of its architectural remains. It was at Athelney that the King dwelt disguised, in the swineherd's cottage, and, deep in thought, maturing his great plans, neglected to turn the cakes he was glad enough to eat. From Athelney after his vision of Saint Cuthbert, he stole forth disguised as a harper, into the Danish camp and learnt a lesson, by which he profited so much, that shortly afterwards he raised his standard there and was joined by the thegns of Somerset, and setting forth conquered the invaders and compelled their leader Guthrum to baptism as a Christian.

In the "Peace of Wedmore," which followed, it would seem that Alfred surrendered up England to his enemies, with the exception of Wessex, but it was only seeming, for from Wessex, Alfred extended his operations over the whole land and the unity of the kingdom was the ultimate result.

Alfred the Great died in 901, and was succeeded by his son Eadward, who annexed Mercia to Wessex, and was succeeded by Æthelstan who was king till 940. Eadmund, Eadred, Eadgar, and Eadward the Martyr, complete the list of Kings down to Æthelred the Unready, in whose reign we again hear of the marshes, this time as being over-run by the hordes of the great Danish King Cnut. England had practically possessed a foreign king for some years during Æthelred's reign, and the advent of Cnut was resented less because of this. Wessex, however, was ever the enemy of the Dane, and its people once more

took to the marshes, and resisted the progress of Cnut with all their power.

Henceforth for a great number of years, and during all the long period of the Middle Ages, there is nothing of importance to record concerning the marshes of Somersetshire. There they remained, the great tract of fen and morass, the home of the deer and the wild pig, which were hunted from time to time by the knights and land-owners thereabouts. Coming to more recent times, however, we find that attempts were at last made to reclaim the dreary swamp, and to turn the pools where Alfred's subjects paddled in their coracles into meadows and fields. As is well known, King James I. made several praiseworthy attempts to improve England in various ways. He tried to introduce the culture of the silk-worm in this country, and caused to be planted the mulberry trees which may be seen in many a country district to this day. For Somerset he determined to reclaim her wastes, and to him the credit is due for the present smiling cornfields and apple-orchards of Mid-Somerset.

In King James' time, the marshes, or at any rate the more central portions, were called Sedgemoor, and at the time when operations were first commenced for draining the tract, King's Sedgemoor. In the "Domestic Papers of the reign of James I.," from the year 1618, onwards are several orders, minutes and instructions relating to Sedgemoor. A commission to carry out improvements in the draining and reclaiming of the moor was formed in 1618, and it would appear that the proceedings for the improvements were very much misunderstood at

the time. A petition was sent to the King, with which he was not pleased, and one William Michell of Ottery, an honest man, was charged by a rogue called Benjamin Haynes, as having uttered seditious words against the King on account of his displeasure. This was reported to the council by Sir Edward Hext, a Justice of the Peace for Somerset, in October, 1619. Still further complications arose. It was a cause of complaint, that the reclamation of the moor was not being done for the King, but for certain interested private persons. Instructions were given to the commissioners to contradict such reports, and "to ascertain which of the tenants assent to or dissent from the proposed improvements, that they may be treated accordingly."

On the first of March, 1623, Lord Brooke informs Secretary Conway that "the inferior actors in the Sedgemoor business," have been persuaded not to petition the King for reward, as their work is still unfinished, "but as the year should not be lost, he suggests that 300 acres should be divided among them, to encourage them to labour," and a week later the Secretary's letter-book indicates that he will speak to Mr. Fotherley on the business. Presumably having done so, he again communicates with Lord Brooke who reports that the offer of 300 acres had been refused and 500 asked for. Although previously all compensation had been refused, yet Lord Brooke thinks that some should be certainly granted. Later in the year he writes from Brooke House to Conway to say that the Lord Treasurer can only allow £100 towards the work, but that he consents to the assignment of the

land to the workmen before the work is completed. Just a year after this, on July 10, 1624, the King orders the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Pembroke, Lord Grey and others, "to divide King's Sedgemoor, and assign it to the several manors and lordships adjoining." The work is not yet finished, however, although much has been done, for in January, 1625, the King commands "Edward Rogers and others to assist Bernard Johnson and John Phelips in a winter survey of King's Sedgemoor, that they may ascertain what channels are required to draw off the water, without injury to other lands and what quantities and descriptions of wood and stone are requisite." The draining was accomplished by constructing a main canal, the Sedgemoor Cut, running through the midst of the marsh, and joining the rivers Cary and Parret, and others of less extent called variously drains and rhines.

Thus we see how the present state of that beautiful tract of country, of which all that is left of the marshes is the comparatively small area we now know as Sedgemoor, came into being, but it was many years before the result of the King's efforts came to be seen in their full effect, and before that time arrived, one scene more of prime historical importance was to be enacted there; the last pitched battle that ever was fought in England. The marshes of ancient times have become the rich alluvial tract of to-day. The Isle of Athelney with its alder-woods in which the stags, the boar, and the goat ran wild, and the beautiful Isle of Avalon, also a part of the marshes, with its legends of Joseph of Arimathæa and the Irish Saints, are things of the past; a

monument stands in the hundred acres, which were once Athelney, to mark the spot, and the immediate vicinity is now called West Sedgemoor, and Glastonbury is now the Avalon of days gone by, lying between what is now called King's Sedgemoor, and East Sedgemoor.

The Battle of Sedgemoor is the event which keeps the name of this part of Somerset in the minds of those who, but for its occurrence, would probably never have heard of its name-place. The battle was the climax of the short-lived struggle made by the Duke of Monmouth, the natural son of King Charles II., to oust from the English throne, King James II. The historical episode is variously called the Monmouth Rebellion and the Western Rebellion, and it would be hard to find a more unheroic page in our history than this which records an ignoble effort, made and defeated by ignoble means. There is, however, more pathos than humour in it; more tragedy than comedy. It was utterly unlike that earlier struggle, when our countrymen were led to battle by a great king in support of their rights, and in defence of their homes. It was a struggle artificially engendered by religious fanaticism, which to the wretchedness of the agents it employed on the one hand, added the wretchedness it caused to hundreds of peaceful homes on the other. The only redeeming feature in it was the courage of the average man of Wessex, even though exercised in a ridiculous and misguided cause.

In 1680, James, Duke of Monmouth, had made a triumphal passage through Somersetshire into Devonshire, and had been received every-

where with open arms, and the liveliest signs of a warm welcome. In 1685, when he arrived at Lyme on the Dorsetshire coast, accompanied by some 150 men, he did so by stealth, and of all his quondam friends, not one was there to give him welcome. The inhabitants of the little town, however, received him with expressions of friendliness and joy, and his blue ensign was displayed in the market-place and his declaration read. Among those with him were Lord Grey, Fletcher of Saltoun, Ferguson the Calvinistic preacher, and Wade the republican. Monmouth came as the champion of Protestantism and liberty, and as such he was supported. The support, however, was of the most limited extent, and came wholly from the lower or middle classes. The nobles and gentry carefully stood aloof, whether from a certainty of the failure of the insurrection, a desire for quietness, or unconcern for the cause, is not known. Recruits flocked to him, however, in crowds, bringing with them their scythes and sickles and still ruder implements of husbandry. A hasty quarrel between Fletcher and another supporter, Dare, who was killed, was likely to result in disaffection, but Fletcher fled to the Continent, and the insurgents lost their most capable officer. Lord Grey proved himself incapable and cowardly, even at the beginning of events, for in a small skirmish at Bridport he fled at the head of his cavalry.

Monmouth reached Taunton on June 18th, and was accorded a triumphant reception, and here he proclaimed himself king of England, and his uncle, King James, an usurper. The number of men, partly trained during the stay of the

insurgents in Taunton is variously estimated: he is said to have marched from thence to Bridgewater with 5,000 foot and 1,000 horse-soldiers, the latter however, being mounted on semi-wild horses from Sedgemoor, bred there for the purpose of supplying the demands of the coach roads. From Bridgewater he passed through Glastonbury and Keynsham, his design being to attack Bristol. The city was strongly fortified, however, and the attempt, in face of the advancing royal troops from Wiltshire and Sussex, as well the regulars who numbered 2,500 men, under the command of Lord Feversham, with Lord Churchill at the head of the regiment of Blues, was abandoned. The only success of the whole rising was achieved on Monmouth's march from Bath, (whither he had gone intending to take it, but found it too strongly garrisoned), to Frome, when the advanced guard of the royal troops was driven off by a clever manœuvre on the part of Monmouth's troops. From Frome he marched through Wells, damaging the cathedral there, back to Bridgewater, poorer for his expedition, by reason of his losses by the way. Feversham's army was now within three miles of the same town, encamped on King's Sedgemoor.

Monmouth on his return to Bridgewater was filled with despondency, and his followers had the greatest difficulty in persuading him to continue his design. Only the fierce enthusiasm of Ferguson could have spurred him on, and only this and their own zeal could have prevented their followers from becoming disaffected, where there was so much that was so unsatisfactory, especially as Burnet says his supplies of money

which he had been receiving from London, and on which he relied for the payment of the troops, had been stopped, by the arrest of his friends in the Metropolis. It was from the tower of the church of St. Mary Magdalene, in Bridgewater, that Monmouth discovered the close proximity of Feversham's army, just arrived by way of Somerton. He had been looking disconsolately over the moor, when the glitter of accoutrements arrested his telescope. He saw that the disposal of the troops was of the most careless description, and summoning his officers, a night attack was decided on.

The Duke's head was now worth £5,000 to any man who should take him, for he had been hastily proclaimed a traitor, and it says much for his men that very little is heard of any attempt to betray him, nothing definite being known in this direction. He was therefore to a certain extent, at the head of an united and a willing force, and with skilful generalship he might easily have beaten the King's troops, commanded as they were by Lord Feversham, a luxuriously-minded courtier, and a poor soldier. A success, however, could hardly have been of much use to him, for other troops were gathering in different parts of the country, and he would have been forced to submit eventually to the mere superiority of numbers. His night attack therefore was somewhat in the nature of a forlorn hope, and it was in the spirit of such that Monmouth at any rate entered upon it.

This may account for the astonishing lack of care with which the expedition was arranged. The exact position of the royal troops, 2,500

regulars, and 1,500 of the militia could be seen, and the presence of the great trenches or rhines was known as well in Bridgewater as in the villages where Feversham's soldiers were gathered. Nearest to Bridgewater, at Weston Zoyland, the royal cavalry were stationed; at Chedzoy on the moor the regulars were encamped, and at Middlezoy the Wiltshire militia under Lord Pembroke. Between the two armies lay three of the trenches now filled with water from the recent heavy rains.

It was on Sunday, July 5th, 1685, that the royal army encamped on Sedgemoor. During the day Ferguson and other preachers harangued the insurgents in Bridgewater, and strung them up to a high pitch of religious and political enthusiasm, and by midnight they were ready to try the issue which should decide the fate of their cause. As midnight came and passed they gathered their arms and passed slowly out of the town, and by one o'clock on the Monday morning on July 6th, they were out on the open moor. Two of the trenches were well-known, the Black Ditch and the Langmoor Rhine, and the first of these was successfully passed by the insurgents in a long file over the narrow causeway which crossed it, their ammunition waggons being left at the edge of the moor. Although the moon was full, the causeway over the Langmoor Rhine was missed by the guide owing to the dense fog which prevailed. Confusion arose, and a pistol went off as the passage was discovered. The men of the Horse Guards on outpost duty heard the report, and ascertaining that an army was advancing, galloped

off to Feversham and to other parts of the encampment to give the alarm, while Monmouth drew up his men for the attack. An advance was made by the cavalry under Lord Grey, when it was found that a wider and a deeper trench, the Bussex Rhine, barred all further progress.

The challenge was given by the King's men, and was replied to by the insurgents, who cried out they were for King Monmouth and "God with us." The royal infantry immediately opened fire, and Grey at the head of his men turned and fled. Macaulay excuses him on the plea that the men were powerless on their untrained horses, but as far as can be learned, but few of them returned to the attack, and Lord Grey was not one of these. The Duke's foot-soldiers now came up with the rhine, and opened a fire, which they maintained for nearly an hour, on the King's troops. They fired too high, but they stuck to their work, and the Taunton weavers, the Somerset peasants, and the Mendip miners behaved like veteran soldiers under the terrible fire of musketry that assailed them. The waggoners in charge of the ammunition waggons followed the example of Grey's horse, and drew rein only when they had put several miles between themselves and the scene of the battle. The brave men fighting at the Bussex Rhine, were left therefore without support and without powder, to continue their fire. Up to this point Macaulay states that Monmouth, pike in hand, had stuck to the infantry, but, when Churchill had made a new disposition of the troops and daylight was dawning, he knew that his cause was lost, and he rode rapidly from the field,

leaving his poor volunteers to make what they could their position.

By this time Feversham had been wakened from his sleep, had made a careful toilet, and appeared upon the scene in readiness to take on himself the glory of the success of the encounter. The artillery were marshalled and brought up, the Life Guards and the Blues attacked the still fighting scythesmen, who stood till all hopes were lost, and were then mown down by Feversham's field pieces. Two thousand of them were slain, many being ruthlessly slaughtered by the relentless cavalry who pursued them mile after mile, and fifteen hundred were taken prisoners on that terrible day.

The accounts of the battle are many and various, but they all agree in describing the conduct of Grey at the commencement of the action, that of Feversham during it, and that of Monmouth after it, as wholly despicable. Only Lord Churchill and the men of Somerset would appear to merit a worthy place in the annals of our country, and the latter a warm place in our hearts. Among the manuscripts of the Duke of Portland, at Welbeck Abbey, is preserved a most interesting news-letter, dated the day after the battle, which surely was prompted by Feversham. In it is given a glowing account of the action, and it is stated that "the Earl of Feversham was everywhere present giving the necessary orders!"

Of the taking of Monmouth, Evelyn relates on the 8th of July that he was discovered by Lord Lumley and Sir William Portman, after having gone some sixteen miles on foot, hidden in a ditch among ferns, without arms, and in the clothing of

a peasant. "He trembled exceedingly." Later, he wrote abject letters to the king and others, but without avail, for his execution followed shortly on his unfortunate attempt to seize the crown.

We come to the end of this narrative with the conviction that there have been few more pitiable events in our history. The Rebellion was enevitably foredoomed to failure, led as it was by the fanatic Ferguson, in whose hands the weak and vacillating Monmouth was but a poor tool. Between them, these two led to death hundreds of brave fellows, who, practically unarmed, were killed by the king's troops, after they had been deserted by those for whom they were fighting ; and hundreds of others they involved in the cruellest judicial slaughter ever known in the annals of English law, and which rightly earned for him on whom the onus, though not the responsibility rests, the unforgotten notoriety and the ghastly title of Bloody Jeffreys. Never was battle won under more shameful circumstances, and never did racial enemies slaughter as Englishman slaughtered Englishmen in the early dawn of the day that is marked as the day of the battle of Sedgemoor. A victory was gained, but not by means of personal courage of a general and his staff, by the bravery of well-disciplined troops, or by well-ordered movements of an army ; but by sheer luck, with a general who was in bed when the action began, and who had hardly left his tent when it was decided ; by a staff, every member of which was working for his own aggrandisement, and by as terrible a carnage as the whole annals of civil warfare can furnish. There was but one redeeming feature about the

whole business, and that we must regard as we strive to forget its other features: the doggedness and tenacity with which a body of unskilled, untrained, and almost unarmed Englishmen of the poorer classes for the most part, fought on behalf of a lost cause. It is with this thought in our minds that we would leave the subject of Sedgemoor and its battle, the last struggle of a civil nature, and the last pitched fight ever fought upon English soil.

Taunton and the Bloody Assize.

BY JOHN T. PAGE.

THE town of Taunton is situated in one of the most fertile valleys of England. It stands in the middle of the Vale of Taunton, which is proverbial for the richness of its soil, and the temperature of its climate. The town itself is of great antiquity, its history extending back to Saxon times. About the year 700, Ine, King of the West Saxons, built a castle at Taunton, where he for some time resided. There he held his first great council, and thence he promulgated a code of laws for the better government of his subjects. In the year 722, Queen Ethelburga, wife of Ine, destroyed the castle, and it remained in a ruined condition until the period of the Norman Conquest. Meantime, it had become the possession of the See of Winchester, and during the centuries which followed was re-built and largely added to by the various bishops, notably by Thomas Langton in 1495.

In the insurrections which occurred in the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries, the town and castle of Taunton played a conspicuous part. When Perkin Warbeck rebelled against Henry VII, the castle of Taunton was twice held by his followers. On the second occasion Perkin fortified himself there, but he quickly took flight on the approach of the royal troops. In the time

of the great Civil War the town of Taunton was several times besieged. At the outbreak of hostilities, the Parliament sent a strong body of men to take possession of the place, but not long after their arrival they were driven out by the Marquis of Hertford. The Royalists, in turn, made a speedy evacuation on the appearance of Colonel Blake, better known afterwards as the great Admiral Blake. He was appointed Governor of Taunton, and under him the town sustained a most obstinate siege by Goring and an army of 10,000 men. Before the siege was raised, the people were reduced to the most desperate straits, but Blake succeeded in holding out until he was relieved by Fairfax. At the Restoration, the bravery of the people of Taunton was not forgotten, and as a reward for their tenacity the walls of their town were so completely razed to the ground that even their site cannot now be ascertained with any degree of accuracy. The charter of incorporation was also taken away from the town, and for a period of seventeen years it was governed by portreves and constables.

When James II. ascended the throne of England, the men of Taunton were still smarting under their wrongs. It was, therefore, hardly to be wondered at that they should welcome with open arms the rebel Monmouth, and hail with the greatest joy the prospect under his *régime* of ameliorating their condition.

Monmouth landed at Lyme, in Dorsetshire, on the 11th of June, 1685. He had sailed from the Hague in a vessel called the *Heldrenberg*, accompanied by two smaller ships, and although the weather proved most unpropitious, he reached

England without mishap. His reception by the people of Lyme was of a most flattering and encouraging character, and he speedily found himself at the head of an army of 1,500 men. A man named Thomas Dare had been posted off to Taunton to apprise the inhabitants of Monmouth's landing, and in a short space of time he returned with a body-guard of forty well-mounted and well-armed men. Monmouth, at the head of his small but enthusiastic army, reached Taunton on the 18th of June, just a week after his landing. He was welcomed by the inhabitants with transports of joy, and his reception "might well," as Macaulay says, "encourage him to hope that his enterprise would have a prosperous issue." Every door and window was adorned with wreaths of flowers. No man appeared in the streets without wearing in his hat a green bough, the badge of the popular cause. Damsels of the best families in the town wore colours for the insurgents. One flag in particular was embroidered gorgeously with the emblems of royal dignity, and was offered to Monmouth by a train of young girls. He received the gift with the winning courtesy which distinguished him. The lady who headed the procession presented him, also, with a small Bible of great price. He took it with a show of reverence. "I come," he said, "to defend the truths contained in this book, and to seal them, if it must be so, with my blood."

Monmouth remained three days at Taunton, and during that time took the step which perhaps did more than anything else to bring about his ultimate speedy defeat. By a certain section of his followers, he was persuaded it

was because he had not proclaimed himself king that many of the gentry, whom he had expected to join him, still held back. Accordingly, he decided to take the fatal step, and he was publicly proclaimed king in Taunton Market Place, on the 20th of June, 1685. As the name of the reigning monarch was James, the same as his own, he styled himself "King Monmouth," and under that signature issued four proclamations from Taunton. By these he set a price upon the head of James whom he styled late Duke of York; declared the Parliament sitting at Westminster an unlawful assembly, and ordered its dispersal; forbade the people to pay taxes to the usurper, and proclaimed Albemarle a traitor unless he speedily joined the standard of "King Monmouth," who, he was informed, would favourably receive him. This was one huge mistake from beginning to end. On his landing, he had deliberately pledged himself not to aspire to the crown, and if he broke his word at this early stage, how could he be expected to prove trustworthy later on?

On the 22nd of June, Monmouth departed from Taunton with the object of marching to Bridgewater. It was noticed that his countenance bore a gloomy and dejected look, and that he no longer carried himself in his usual gay and jaunty manner. A fortnight afterwards, on the 6th of July, the battle of Sedgemoor was fought, and the case of "King Monmouth" was there and then finally decided. Eight days afterwards he met his fate on Tower Hill, being hacked to death by a bungling executioner, before an immense concourse of people, on the 14th of July, 1685.

Colonel Kirke and his "lambs" had meantime

been holding high carnival at Taunton. Thither they rode from Bridgewater after the fight was over, and took up their quarters at the White Hart Inn, the sign post of which served the purpose of a rough and ready gallows on which to suspend their victims. "It is said," writes Macaulay, "that the work of death went on in sight of the windows where the officers of the Tangier regiment were carousing, and that at every health a wretch was turned off. When the legs of the dying men quivered in the last agony, the colonel ordered the drums to strike up. He would give the rebels, he said, music to their dancing. The tradition runs that one of the captives was not even allowed the indulgence of a speedy death. Twice he was suspended from the sign post, and twice cut down. Twice he was asked if he repented of his treason, and twice he replied, that if the thing were to do again, he would do it. Then he was tied up for the last time. So many dead bodies were quartered that the executioner stood ankle deep in blood. He was assisted by a poor man whose loyalty was suspected, and who was compelled to ransom his own life by seething the remains of his friends in pitch. The peasant who had consented to perform this hideous office afterwards returned to his plough. But a mark like that of Cain was upon him. He was known through his village by the horrible name of Tom Boilman. The rustics long continued to relate that, though he had, by his sinful and shameful deed, saved himself from the vengeance of the Lambs, he had not escaped the vengeance of a higher power. In a great storm he fled for shelter under an oak, and was there struck dead by lightning.

“The number of those who were thus butchered cannot now be ascertained. Nine were entered in the parish registers of Taunton: but those registers contain the names of such only as had Christian burial. Those who were hanged in chains, and those whose heads and limbs were sent to the neighbouring villages, must have been much more numerous. It was believed in London, at the time, that Kirke put a hundred captives to death during the week which followed the battle.”

But Kirke's cruelties were of short duration and were soon superseded by Jeffreys' Bloody Assize. The circuit was started at Winchester on the 27th of August, and thence the monster Jeffreys proceeded *via* Chichester and Exeter to Taunton, “which presented him with no fewer than a thousand prisoners. Here he perfectly revelled in his bloody task. The work seemed to have the effect of brandy or champagne upon him. He grew every day more exuberant and riotous. He was in such a state of excitement from morning to night that many thought him drunk the whole time. He laughed like a maniac, bellowed, scolded, cut his filthy jokes on the astounded prisoners, and was more like an exulting demon than a man. There were two hundred and thirty-three prisoners hanged, drawn, and quartered in a few days.”

The property of those who had suffered death was divided amongst the various parasites and hangers-on of the court. Even the ladies of the Queen's household came in for a share of the spoil, permission being granted them to extort money from the parents of the children who had presented the standard to Monmouth at Taunton.

One or two of these poor children were already dead, as a result of fright or ill-treatment, but most of them still lived. They were all of tender age, some being under ten years old. An order was sent to Taunton that they were all to be seized and lodged in gaol. Macaulay states that it was William Penn, the Quaker, who was despatched to Taunton to extort the ransom, but he also pertinently adds that the "maids of honour were at last forced to content themselves with less than a third part of what they had demanded."

After a lapse of 200 years, the sad and bitter memories of the Monmouth rebellion still remain green in the pretty town of Taunton. The hall in the castle, in which Jeffreys held his Bloody Assize, remains intact. But its sombre walls are now graced with pictures, and secured in glass cases are many relics and objects of interest which help the visitor to piece together the history of the locality. The fine tower of the church of St. Mary Magdalene well indicates the centre of the town, and forms a conspicuous land-mark for many a mile around. It has, however, been pulled down and re-built since the day when the infamous Jeffreys attended service at the church on the morning that he opened his Assize. But it still bears a striking resemblance to the original, and it continues to hold an unique position among the chief glories of this thriving town. The view from the summit of the tower is a glorious sight indeed, and every one who ascends to this coign of vantage cannot but admit that the characteristics of the scene stretched out beneath his feet fully justify the application of the words "a land flowing with milk and honey."

Cliffs and Caverns of Somersetshire.

By ERNEST H. RANN.

IN and around the Mendip Hills, that great natural barrier which stretches its protective length across Somersetshire from north-west to south-east, may be found the most ancient chapter of the county's bygone history. It is a dateless chapter, for the incidents which it records took place long ere the dawn of history, in the dim and remote period when man had not yet emerged from savagery, and was barely better, save that he was armed, than the wild and ferocious animals which shared the districts with him. Somersetshire, as we know it now, did not exist; the land stood at a higher level and was continuous with the district now submerged beneath the waters of the Bristol Channel. The life-history of the period is written clearly and unmistakably, not in ancient tome or parchment scroll, but in the river-gravels, the caves, and the cliffs, the flint weapons and other implements, and the bones of animals and man which the patient industry of the geologist and archæologist has unearthed. Here, for those who can read in the "manuscripts of God," is a beautiful and instructive "rhyme of the universe," lacking in parts, yet still sufficiently whole to merit our consideration.

Wandering over the Mendip Hills, at times shaded beneath its stupendous cliffs or seeking for relics in its numerous caves, we are strongly

reminded of that past era by the fragmentary evidence which has persisted till the present day. We would pass backwards over the purely historic period, when King Edmund narrowly escaped death by falling over a steep precipice while hunting, and when the prowess of Ralph, Bishop of Shrewsbury, was destroying the wild beasts that ranged over the hills, to that more distant time when the sovereignty of man was challenged by hordes of animals fiercer than any which now roam over the Mendips' heights. Here came the lion, bear, horse, elk, elephant, lemming, lynx, otter, badger, hare, and the cowardly hyæna. They differed but slightly from existing species, preying on one another, and all subject to the warfare prompted by the protective instincts of primeval man. An excellent authority on cave-hunting has placed on record his opinion that "The district that, of all others, has furnished the most enormous quantity of the remains of the cave-lion, and is entitled therefore to rank as its metropolis in Britain, is the western half of the Mendip range of hills in Somersetshire."

The grey limestone rock of the Mendips is pierced in many directions by narrow gorges and underground cavities. Some of the latter are due to the operations of workmen seeking for lead ore, but the majority to the working of natural agencies. One of the most famous is Wookey, Wokey, or Okie Hole, situated about two miles from Wells, on the southern side of the Mendip Hills. Its name implies that it was known to the Celtic inhabitants of the South of England, but not until John Beaumont brought it before the notice of the Royal Society in 1680 did it gain the attention of learned

men. It is approached through a pretty glen, the opening being situated in a lofty cliff from which issues the River Axe. Once through the entrance of the cavern by a steep descent called Hell's Ladder a large vaulted chamber, known as the Witch's Kitchen, is seen, rich with stalactites dependent from the roof. Formerly it contained numerous stalagmites, but these were cut off, and sent to Alexander Pope to adorn his artificial grotto Twickenham. Through the cavern runs the river Axe, and from its bed rises the "Witch of Wookey," a curiously shaped mass of rock, asserted by tradition to be the petrified embodiment of an old lady whom the abbot of Glastonbury changed into stone. Bishop Percy thus describes the incident in one of his ballads:—

"In aunciente days tradition shoves
 A base and wicked elfe arose,
 The Witch of Wokey Hight.
 . . . Her haggard face was foull to see ;
 Her mouth unmeat a mouth to bee ;
 Her eyne of deadly leer,
 She nought devised but neighbours' ill,
 She wreaked on all her wayward will,
 And marr'd all goodly chear.

.
 From Glaston came a lerned wight,
 Full bent to marr her fell despight,
 And well he did I ween ;
 Sich mischief never had been known,
 And, since his mickle lerninge shown,
 Sich mischief ne'er has been.

He chauntede out his godlie booke,
 He crost the water, blest the brooke,
 Then—pater noster done—
 The ghastly hag he sprinkled o'er,
 When lo ! where stood a hag before,
 Now stood a ghastly stone."

Behind this chamber extends a vault of considerable size, adorned with beautiful stalactites, and leading, by devious and crooked passages through the heart of the hills to an opening near the village of Priddy, two miles away. The fame of this cavern, however, has been largely eclipsed since 1852, when, in cutting a canal, the mouth of what is now known as the Hyæna Den was disclosed. Near the entrance about 300 Roman coins were discovered, some of them bearing the names of Allectus and Commodus, but within the cave such treasures as these were completely discounted by the wealth of animal remains which the industry of Professor Boyd Dawkins and other explorers brought to light. The cave was filled with débris to the roof, and as it was removed, and the bones of animals long extinct in this country, with traces of contemporaneous man were brought forth, it was as though the wand of the magician had waved the present away and transported the observer to the remoteness of the pleistocene age. The bones and teeth of the woolly rhinoceros, of the reindeer, the stag, the grizzly, the brown, and the cave bear, the great urus, the bison, the cave lion, and the mammoth were scattered in wild profusion through the mass of earth. In addition there were evident traces that the wild hyænas had made of the cave a refuge and a home, to which they brought their prey. On numerous bones were the marks of their teeth. The hollow bones were smashed and splintered, and scored with teeth marks, but the more solid portions were comparatively free from injury.

From the condition of the bones it may be

assumed with a considerable degree of certainty that the fragments were introduced by the sole agency of hyænas. They were against every other animal, and every other animal was against them. Not only horses, uri, and other weakly creatures suffered from their ferocity, but creatures of strength and courage were their victims. "We can realize these animals," says Professor Dawkins, "pursuing elephants and rhinoceroses along the slopes of the Mendips, till they scared them into the precipitous ravine, or watching until the strength of the disabled bear or lion ebbed away sufficiently to allow of its being overcome by their cunning and strength. Man appeared from time to time on the scene, a miserable savage armed with bow and spear, unacquainted with metals, but defended from the cold by coats of skin. Some time he took possession of the den and drove out the hyænas; for it is impossible for both to have lived in the cave at the same time. He kindled his fires at the entrance, to cook his food, and to keep away the wild animals; then he went away and the hyænas came back to their old abode. While all this was taking place there were floods from time to time, until eventually the cave was completely blocked up with their deposits."

In the following years the work of investigation was resumed, when distinct evidences of the presence of man in the cave were discovered. These comprised a white flint instrument of rude workmanship, two bone arrow heads, a chert arrow head, a roughly chipped circular piece of chert, and numerous splinters of flint knocked off in the process of manufacture of these weapons. Near at hand were the remaining ashes of the fire

by which the rude savage of primeval times had warmed himself by night or cooked the spoils of the chase by day. He was contemporary in the district with the hyæna and the animals on which it preyed, and disputed with them the rights of access and shelter to the cave.

Vast quantities of fossil remains, and further implements made of flint were revealed as investigation proceeded. There could be no doubt about the origin and use of the latter. They had been altered in structure and hue either by heat or chemical action; the older surfaces possessed that "waxy lustre," without which, as Professor Boyd Dawkins says, none are genuine, and the colour was of a milky-white. Of the calcined bone fragments found near the entrance, none were of human origin.

While Wookey Den is the prime centre of attraction to the archæologist and the modern "cave-man," who lives only in these natural hollows for the purpose of studying the life and habits of his remote progenitors, the Mendip Hills also contain a number of minor caverns of undoubted interest and value. Near the village of Banwell, may be seen two remarkable caverns, communicating with one another by means of a narrow passage. The caves were discovered in 1824, while workmen were searching for ochre in the vicinity. One of the hollows, known as the Stalactite cavern, contains many beautiful specimens of translucent stalactite. A particularly fine one hung from the centre of the roof and was nearly met by a stalagmite which rose from the floor below. In the Bone cavern a few yards away were found, mingled with ochre, many bones of

bears, reindeer, wolves, foxes, and other animals. Some of the specimens, as the skulls of wolves and bears, were found in a perfect condition ; none of them bore marks of teeth, and from these facts it is concluded that the remains were not introduced by the hyæna, as was the case at Wookey, but were swept in by diluvial waters, or were the bones of animals that had fallen in and perished.

In a cave at Uphill also were found the remains of the rhinoceros, the hyæna, bear, horse, bison and wild boar, embedded in loam ; at Hutton similar scientific treasures were discovered ; while the contents of the caves at Sandford Hill, Bleadon, and Goat's Hole (in Burrington Combe) indicated the vast changes which have come over the fauna of the district in recent geological ages. In Burrington Combe fragments of a rude unornamented urn of coarse black ware were brought to light. From its striking resemblance to articles found in Continental burial grounds the cave is supposed to have been a place of sepulchre.

The caves of the Mendips, however possess an interest that is far from being universal, or that can appeal to any but a limited number of students and archæologists. It is to the cliffs we must look for the magnificence and beauty which constitute Somersetshire's greatest natural charm. Here nature will be found in her most entrancing moods, inviting all to come and worship at her shrine, and offering that consolation of peace and contentment that the bustle of the town and the hum of the market place can never give. Not far from Wookey is Ebber Gorge, most characteristic and most beautiful of Mendip scenes. Its charms are

hidden from the gaze of all but the adventurous enthusiast who will brave rough travel to interview the Dame in her secret fastness. Nearer to Ebber the cliffs attain greater heights, and approach more closely together, as if forbidding the advance of visitors. Vegetation becomes wilder and more picturesque, forming barriers to progress and infusing excitement into the task of getting forward. Once through a narrow natural gateway, forming as it were the climax of the gorge, the higher flatlands of the Mendips are seen, with a splendid sweep of country to the west and south. Old-world villages nestle 'neath the limestone crags, the tower of Wells shows in the distance, and the rich valleys of the county spread out until their identity is mingled and lost in the haze of the distant sea.

It is to Cheddar, however, that we must turn to see both cliffs and caverns of the Mendips in their greatest perfection. The little market town, graced with an ancient cross, stands at the foot of the hills, sheltered from the blast of the east winds, and enjoying a mild and beautiful climate which can only be compared with that of more southern latitudes. In the background lie the mighty limestone cliffs, standing sentinel over a deep and rocky gorge. Nowhere in England, it is said, can be found so extended a line of perpendicularly broken rock as at Cheddar; nowhere, we imagine, is the charm of mountain scenery so attractive. On one side of the gorge the cliffs rise abruptly to a height of four or five hundred feet, on the other they are broken into slopes and terraced walls of rock. Native imagination has invested these specimens of Nature's handiwork with

fanciful names and purposes. Thus on the left side of the gorge is a gigantic mass known as the Lion Rock; another which is crowned with fantastic pinnacles is called the Castle Rock, while overlooking the village and the little lake stands the Pulpit Rock. The stream which at one time flowed down the gorge is invisible now; its ancient bed is transformed into a carriage road, along which visitors may pass to revel in the grim severity of the towering crags, or to admire the exquisite variety of mountain scenery, the tenacious vegetation, or the bright and hardy flowering plants that all tend to make up a picture of unequalled loveliness. Of caves near Cheddar, there are plenty, the majority being situated near the entrance to the gorge. The principal one is Cox's Stalactite cavern, containing a number of curious chambers lit by gas. Deep in the earth the resources of civilization have been invoked to assist the student or the tourist in his admiration of Nature's handiwork. "Stalactites and stalagmites," says a modern writer, "abound in its winding recesses; pendent icicles and columns, stony folds of drapery, sometimes translucent and banded strangely with tints of colour, and imitative forms of various kinds; basins of water are also there, self-built, on whose mirror-like surface the vaulting roof and drooping fringes of the cave are reflected." Another cavern opposite the Lion Rock also contains several remarkable stalactite chambers.

We have now finished our course. We have seen Somersetshire as it was in prehistoric days, with a different climate, a different race of men, and different hordes of animals roaming through

its forests, along its cliffs or over its wild wastes. We may still trace the outlines of this vanishing picture, and the contemplation of it lends additional zest and charm to the study of Somersetshire of to-day.

*See Thomas Hardy's little Story
Our exploits at West Folney
(in the canoe)*

The Lead Mines of the Mendips.

BY JOHN T. PAGE.

“The fisher left his skiff to rock
On Tamar’s glittering waves,
The rugged miners poured to war
From Mendips sunless caves.”
—MACAULAY.

THE Mendips are in some respects the most remarkable range of hills in England. Although they are closely akin in character to the hills of Derbyshire, their relative position to the mainland is in no way analogous. The Mendips are entirely unconnected with any other range of hills, while the Derbyshire hills form part of the backbone of England. Isolated as the Mendips are from all other hills, and consisting as they do of an elevated upland district all their own, they formed in early times a rendezvous for the most savage wild beasts.

The natural caves which honeycombe their surface were frequented by lions, hyenas, and many other wild animals which have long ago become quite extinct in this country. Their remains, however, still exist in these subterranean caverns, and the whole district is considered to have ranked as the metropolis of these terrible monsters. An elaborate and very remarkable collection of animal remains from the Mendips, probably unequalled by any like collection in England, finds a conspicuous place in the Taunton Museum.

It would take up an enormous amount of space in order to do justice to the beauties of the glens and gorges of the Mendips. Suffice it, therefore, to say that their scenery is most wild and awe-inspiring, and has many times formed a congenial subject for the pen of the poet and the pencil of the artist.

The early kings of England, both before and after the Conquest, resorted to the Mendip Hills in order to enjoy the pleasures of the chase. There is a legend extant to the effect that when the Saxon king Edmund was hunting near Cheddar, his horse took fright, and galloped off with him straight in the direction of one of the steepest cliffs. As he neared the edge of the abyss, the king suddenly called to mind the fact that he had recently quarrelled with the good St. Dunstan. There and then he vowed that if by any means he could manage to escape from his perilous position, he would make ample amends to the holy man for his bad conduct. Just on the brink of the precipice the horse came to a dead stand, as though stayed by some unseen power, and so the life of the king was spared. He immediately rode off to find St. Dunstan, and forthwith installed him as Abbot of Glastonbury.

The Mendip Hills afford a large sphere of industry for the miner. Here he may dig for lead, and calamine with a large measure of success. The search after these minerals has been continuously maintained from very early times down to the present day. By the ancient laws, any Englishman was allowed freely to work in the mines, so long as his conduct was good and he

refrained from stealing the ore or his fellow workmen's tools. If convicted of theft, he was condemned to a peculiar kind of punishment called "Burning of the Hill," which was performed in the following manner: the criminal, with his hands and feet at liberty, was shut up in one of the little huts, erected for keeping the ore and tools, and the hut surrounded with dry furze, fern, and other combustible material found upon the hills. The hut being thus surrounded, fire was set to it in different places at the same time, and the criminal left to make his escape in the best manner he could, by breaking open his prison, and rushing through the fire; but he was ever after excluded from working in the mines of the Mendip Hills.

A code of laws relating to the Mendip miners, dating "from the time whereof no man living hath memory," has been preserved. It consists of ten items, couched in exceedingly quaint terms. Of these, the sixth item deals with "Burning at the Hill" above referred to, and runs as follows:—"That if any of that Occupation doth pick or steal any lead or Oare to the value of thirteen pence halfpenny the lord or his Officers may Arrest all his Lead-works, and keep them as safely for his own Use; and shall take the person that hath so offended, and bring him where his house is or his work, and all his Tools or Instruments which to the Occupation belongs, as he useth, and put him into the said house, and set Fire on all together about him, and banish him from that Occupation before the Miners for ever." It was evidently expected that the culprit would be sure to make good his escape, for the seventh item naïvely states

“that if ever that person do pick or steal there any more he shall be tryed by the Common Law, for this Custom and Law hath noe more to do with him.”

The people who work in the mines are, with very few exceptions, of a most robust and healthy type, and a very good idea of their stamina may be gathered from the fact that Macaulay gives them a special line in his “Spanish Armada.” The lead ore is sometimes found in a vein, sometimes dispersed between stones and rocky substances, and even the roots of trees have been known to retain it in their clasp. It is discovered “surrounded with spar, cawk, a ponderous white stone resembling chalk, and another substance, called by the miners croots, a soft, mealy white species of stone. The spar is white, transparent and as brittle as glass, and the cawk also is white, and heavier than stone. The vein lies between these croots, and is of different breadths; sometimes it rises near the surface, and sometimes lies very deep in the earth. It often breaks off abruptly in an earth which the miners call a Deading-bed; and at the distance of a fathom or two is frequently found again in a direct line with the point where it broke off. It is sometimes stopped by a black thick stone called a Jam; and frequently terminates in a dead clayey earth, without croot or spar; and sometimes in a rock called a Fore-stone. The clearest and heaviest ore is the best; and thirty-six hundredweight of such ore will yield about a ton of lead.” The lead is extracted from the ore by the various processes of crushing, sifting, and melting. The liquid metal is cast into moulds, and the ingots are then dubbed by the

miners' Sows and Pigs. Thus are the products of "Mendip's sunless caves" rendered of use to the world at large, and these "black mountains, lined with hidden store," render up their riches at the behoof and for the benefit of man.

The Legends and Antiquities of Glastonbury.

BY CUMING WALTERS.

A QUAIN old-world look is on the face of the city of many legends, King Arthur's "isle of rest," and the reputed abiding place of Joseph of Arimathæa. It lies deep in a green well-watered valley, and its steep sudden hill, the Tor, rising abruptly to a height of over 500 feet, and crowned with a lonely square tower, seems to shelter and keep watch upon the traditional apple-island. The orchard lawns are seen everywhere with their deep-green carpet and the crooked branches of innumerable fruit-laden trees casting grotesque shadows upon it. The whole year round the western airs are balmy, though in spite of hoary legend and poetic eulogy Glastonbury has felt the effects of terrific whirlwinds and earthquakes. Its history—a history of marvel and wonder, inextricably mingled for many centuries with superstition—takes us far back into the misty past, when the ancient Britons named the marshland, often flooded by the waters of the Bristol Channel, *Ynyswytryn*, or *Inis vitrea*, the Glassy Island; either, it has been surmised, on account of the "glasten" or blue-green colour of its surface, or from the abundance of "glass" (or

word) to be found in the vicinity. * On the other hand Professor Freeman believes that Glastonbury was the abode and perhaps the possession of one Glæsting, who, on discovering that his cattle strayed to the rich pastures, settled in that part, which in the natural order of things became Glæstingaburgh. That it was veritably an island admits of no doubt; the circuit of the water can still be traced; and when the Romans in turn made discovery of the fruitfulness of the region enclosed by the waters of the western sea, they denominated it *Insula Avalonia*, or Isle of Apples. This was the "fortunate isle," celebrated in the ancient ode of which Camden has given us a version, where "unforced fruits and willing comforts meet," where the fields require "no rustic hand," but only Nature's cultivation, where

"The fertile plains with corn and herbs are proud,
And golden apples shine in every wood."

The inflowing of the sea made islands not only of Glastonbury, but of Athelney, Beckery, and Meare; and not many centuries ago, when a tempest raged, the sea-wall was broken down, and the Channel waters swept up the low-lying land almost as far as Glastonbury Church. The quaint record of this event reads: "The breach of the sea flood was January 20th, 1606." Again in 1703, was Glastonbury threatened with a deluge,

* Glastonbury occupies a former site of Druidical worship, and Professor Rhys believes the name to be a corruption of the British word *glasten*, an oak, the druids cultivating both the oak and the apple as foster-parents of their sacred mistletoe. Glestinaburh, says Canon Taylor, was assimilated by the Saxons to their gentile form, Glestinga-burh, or Glæsting-burh, which, being supposed by a false etymology to mean the "shining" of "glassy" town, was mistranslated by the Welsh as Ynys-Widrin, the Island of Glass

and the water was five feet deep in the streets ; but as geologists are able to affirm that the sea is receding from the western coast, it is unlikely that such catastrophes will recur. A little lazy stream, the Brue, almost engirdles the city, and thus permits the inhabitants with seeming reasonableness to retain for Glastonbury the name loved best—The Isle of Avalon. That Roman name has been full of dreamy suggestiveness to the poet's mind ; and though the poet's Avalon may often have been an enchanted city, the "baseless fabric of a vision," the Avalon of Somerset, with its two streets forming a perfect cross, its abbey ruins, its antiquities and slumbrous aspect, is assuredly not unworthy of the legends clustering about it. When the twin dark towers of Wells Cathedral are fading shadow-like in the distance, the picture of the island-valley is revealed. There stretch the long level meadows of deep emerald, there glooms a forest of trees whose twisted branches are bright with apple-blossoms. The high Tor hill looks stern and bare, but cosy and inviting is the town below, with its rows of irregular houses, many of which date back to long-past days, while others, constructed of stone with which the architects of Dunstan's and of Becket's time wrought, seem to bear mute tribute to the famous era when the abbey was in its glory, and reverend pilgrims from afar came to bring oblations to that hallowed shrine. To-day the visitor finds a welcome at the "Inne" built in 1475 for the devout travellers whom the abbot could not accomodate within the walls of the abbey ; and so few are the changes of time that the lofty façade, the parapet and turrets, the

wide archway, the ecclesiastical windows, and the long corridors, remain almost as they were first designed and made. Side by side stand "Ye Olde Pilgrim's Inne" and the Tribunal, or Court House, built by Abbot Bure for the trial of petty offenders against the law. Unexplored dungeons are reported to exist underground, together with subterranean passages communicating with the abbey from the "Inne" and the Tribunal. In the neighbourhood is a cruciform building, once used for collecting the tithes, called the Abbey Barn, dating from 1420, in some respects the best preserved of all the ancient memorials.

But the pride and glory of Glastonbury centre in the wondrously beautiful remains of the oldest, richest, and stateliest of English abbeys, an abbey whose reputed founder was Joseph of Arimathæa, —that Joseph who had seen the face and heard the voice of the Saviour of mankind. It was the only church of first rank in England, standing as a monument of British days, which escaped the scath and wreck which followed the storm of the Norman Conquest. To what dim epoch the earliest history of Glastonbury belongs is more or less conjectural, though the discovery of some sixty low mounds by archæologists has led them to conclude that a pre-historic lake-village may have stood upon the site. Excavations revealed the remains of human habitations and of successive occupation by the same race—a race which hunted the boar, the roebuck, and the deer, and whose sole accomplishment was the making of coarse rude pottery. But this people has passed away, and not even a tradition of its existence is extant. It was at a much later period, though looking

backwards the time seems far distant, that the first legend of Glastonbury took root and flowered. So pure and beautiful is that treasured blossom, that it would seem ruthless to attempt to pluck it by the roots from the ground and to cast it aside as a worthless weed of ignorance and superstition.

Nearly 2000 years ago the crucified Nazarene was watched by agonised crowds upon Calvary. Joseph of Arimathæa, "a good man, and a just," begged the dead body from Pilate, and buried it in his own garden, thereby incurring the fierce resentment of the Jews. He fled from Palestine, fearing for his life, and so enraged were his enemies at his escape, that they expelled his friends also,—Lazarus, Mary Magdalene, and Philip, among others—putting them out to sea in a vessel without oars or sail. "After tossing about many days," says one writer, "they were driven, in God's providence, to Marseilles, and from Marseilles St. Joseph came to Britain, where he died at a good old age, after having preached the Gospel of Christ with power and earnestness for many years." This was about A.D. 63. "The happy news of the Saviour's resurrection, and the offer of the only assured means of salvation to all who would embrace it," were welcomed by King Arviragus, who assigned to St. Joseph the Isle of Avalon as a retreat. When Joseph and his little Christian band, passing over Stone Down, where stand the two notable Avalon Oaks, came to the place, weary with long travelling, they rested on the ridge of a hill, which, in its name of Weary-all Hill (really Worall), is supposed to commemorate this incident; and where the saint's staff touched the

sod a Thorn Tree miraculously sprang up, and every Christmas Day it buds and blossoms as a memorial of our Lord, and of the first Christian festival. Another story says that the saint was met by a boisterous mob of the heathen, and that, planting his pilgrim's staff in the earth, he knelt down to pray; and as he prayed, the hard dry staff began to bud and give forth fragrance, and became a living tree. Then Joseph said, "Our God is with us," and the heathen, transfixed by the miracle, were convinced and pacified.

So runs the earliest Christian legend in England, and as a fitting sequel we learn that not long after Joseph's mission had begun the first Christian chapel was built, and occupied part of the site on which the most beautiful of temples was afterwards reared—Glastonbury Abbey. St. Joseph's Chapel, magnificent in ruin, is one of those hallowed places in which one might spend hours of silent contemplation.

Through many centuries the legend of the Holy Thorn has been preserved, and Glastonbury has remained distinguished by the fact that there the "winter thorn" has blossomed every Christmas, "mindful of our Lord," or, as a pupil of Caxton's wrote in 1520—

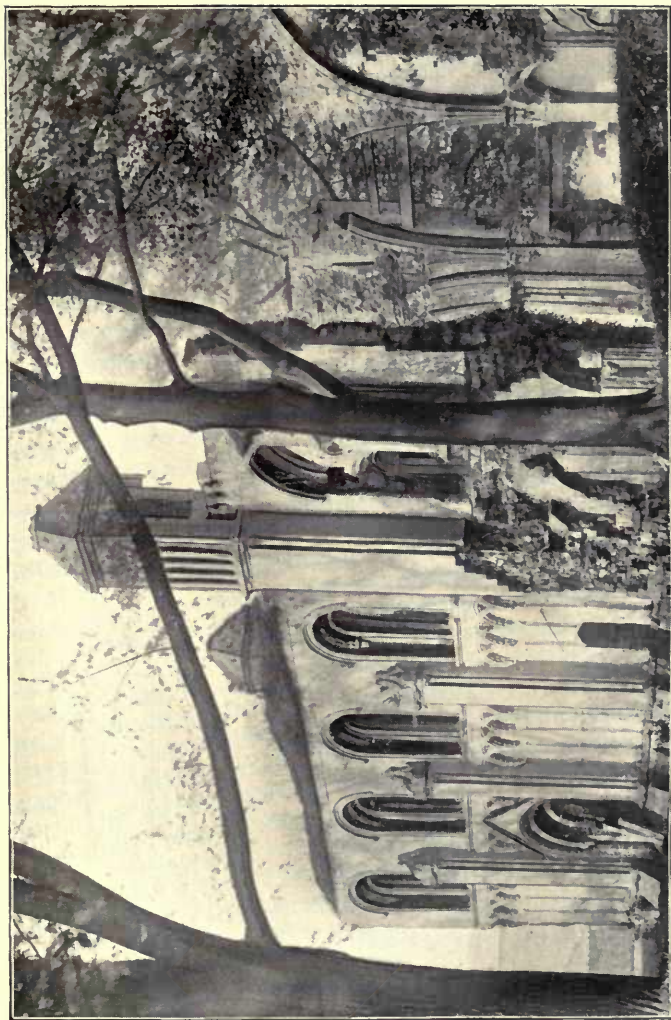
The Hawthornes also that growth in Werall
Do burge and bere green leaves at Christmas
As fresh as other in May.

The tree was regarded with great awe and superstition by the inhabitants, and when the change in the calendar was made they looked to the "Sacra Spina" for confirmation of the unrighteousness of what had been done. Many people refused to celebrate the new-style

Christmas Day because the Thorn showed no blossoms, and when the white flowers appeared on January 5th, the old-style Christmas was held to have been divinely sanctioned. A trunk of the tree was cut down by a Puritan soldier, though his sacrilege caused him to be severely wounded by a piece of the dismembered tree striking him; but when the Thorn was cast into the river as dead and worthless it miraculously took root again. The spot where it grew is marked by a monumental stone, having the inscription, I. A. A.D. XXXI.

A Somerset historian likewise records that, in addition to the Holy Thorn, there grew in the abbey churchyard a miraculous walnut tree, which never budded forth before the feast of St. Barnabas, namely, the 11th of June, and "on that Day shot forth leaves and flourished like its usual species." This tree is gone, but another "of the common sort" stands in its place. "It is strange," we read, "to say how much this tree was sought after by the credulous; and, though not an uncommon walnut, Queen Anne, King James, and many of the nobility of the realm, even when the times of monkish superstition had ceased, gave large sums of money for small cuttings from the original." The walnut-tree, however, never vied with the Holy Thorn in popularity.

The belief in the tree and the knowledge of its peculiar properties were so widespread, that Sedley's verse on Cornelia "who bloomed in the winter of her days like Glastonbury Thorn," was easily understood. Bishop Goodman, writing to the Lord General Oliver Cromwell in 1652, said he could "find no natural cause," either in the



From a Photograph by G. Shaw, Esq.]

ST. JOSEPH'S CHAPEL, GLASTONHURY ABBEY.

[*Hull.*

soil or "other circumstances," for the extraordinary character of the tree.

The legend has been somewhat altered in form in order to bring it into direct association with the building of the abbey. This new version of the miracle is that Joseph of Arimathæa was commanded to build a church in honour of the Virgin Mary, but finding that the natives were distrustful of him and his mission, he prayed, like Gideon, for a miracle. Forthwith his staff began to shoot forth leaves and blossoms, and the unwithered Thorn took root. Be that as it may, the first Christians built a chapel of twisted alder, in the form of a parallelogram, sixty feet long, and 26 feet broad (to come to details), and having "a window at the west end, and one at the east; on each side were three windows, and near the western angle was a door at each side." A representation of the first building for Christian worship erected in this country is found on an old document now in the British Museum, and it is said to have been copied from a plate of brass which had been affixed to an adjoining pillar. The chapel is variously referred to in ancient records as "*Lignea Basilica*," "*Vetusta Ecclesia*," and the "*Ealdechirche*," and with its walls of wattles, and its roof of rushes, it must long have been an object of reverend contemplation. St. Joseph preached in "the little lonely church" "built with wattles from the marsh," journeying from thence across the plain to the Mendips, where he found other half-barbarous Britons to listen to the story of the Redemption. He laid the foundation of a bishopric at Wells, which was afterwards to be the rival of Glaston-

bury Abbey itself, and to the end of a long and fruitful life continued his ministry to the people.

Chalice Hill revives by its name and associations another sacred reminiscence even more amazing. St. Joseph was the bringer to this country of two precious relics—one,

“The cup itself from which our Lord
Drank at the last sad supper with His own,”

the other, some of the blood which oozed from the crucified Saviour's body. The Chalice, or sacred cup, was buried by Joseph at the spot where a perpetual spring of water bubbles—the “Blood Spring,” which supplies the Holy Well, the scene of many miraculous cures in times past. That the water is medicinal admits of no doubt ; that it issues from the cup is a matter of faith, especially as the Holy Grail is claimed to be now in safe keeping by more than one far-distant abbey. * As for the second relic, it is said that St. Joseph confided the memorials to his nephew Isaac, who sealed up the blood in two phials and secreted them from the invading Roman pagans. When danger menaced him he hid the phials in an ancient fig-tree, which he then cast into the sea. Carried by the waves to Gaul, the fig-tree was cast up at the spot which now forms Fécamp Harbour ; and there a few centuries later it was found with the two phials secure. Fearless Duke Richard of Normandy was so impressed by the discovery, that he built an abbey in which fitly to enshrine the Precious Blood, and Fécamp Abbey

* The Holy Grail is pointed out in particular at Genoa Cathedral. “It was brought from Cæsarea in 1101, is a hexagonal dish of two palms width, and was long supposed to be of real emerald, which it resembles in colour and brilliancy.”

bears witness alike to his faith and his devotion. It was upon the story of the Grail that chroniclers seized with avidity after De Borron had once shown its capabilities—a story now believed by many to be almost wholly of Celtic origin, the sancgreal being none other than Fionn's healing cup. Mr. Nutt, whose exhaustive work on the subject is unequalled for scholarship and thoroughness, has told us of every form, rudimentary and developed, in which the Grail Legend has appeared, and of every explanation advanced as to its meaning. Whether the legend is based upon Christian canonical or uncanonical writings, or whether it is an ancient saga into which a Christian element was imported, whether it was extant in any definite form before the time of Robert de Borron, or whether it was a fabrication of the era to which many monkish fables have been traced, these are points which to discuss in detail would require, and have had, volumes devoted to them. Within fifty years (1180-1225) there were eight versions of the story in which the idea of the Grail was elaborated, and we know how the idea has been developed and enriched and idealised until our own time.

Avalon, lying not far from the western sea, beyond which, tradition said, were the happy isles of the blessed dead, was the Cymric equivalent for the Celtic paradise, and thus did Glastonbury become associated with the glorious legends which have made it in the eyes of the romancist to be the most sacred and wondrous city on earth. It may truly be said to gather round it "all the noblest memories alike of the older and the newer dwellers in the land." Nor is it surprising that

in a place of so much reputation modern marvels should be reported to occur, or wonderful discoveries be made. An Elixir was found in the ruins of the abbey in 1586, one grain of which being dropped upon an ounce and a quarter of mercury was found to transmute the mercury into an ounce of pure gold. Another grain of it dropped upon a piece of metal cut out of a warming-pan was sent to Queen Elizabeth, that she might "fit the piece with the place where it was cut out!"

It is the general opinion that Joseph of Armathæa was buried in the ground surrounding the church of his foundation, for a burial-ground to contain a thousand graves had been prepared in his time. William of Malmesbury wrote that there were preserved in that consecrated place "the remains of many saints, nor is there any space in the building that is free of their ashes. So much so that the stone pavement, and indeed the sides of the altar itself, above and below, is crammed with the multitude of the relics. Rightly, therefore, it is called the heavenly sanctuary on earth, of so large a number of saints it is the repository." There is no clear record of who immediately succeeded Joseph, but his ministry was carried on by St. Patrick, who was a native of Glastonbury, * by St. David, by Gildas, and by Dunstan. It was St. Patrick who, returning from his labours in Ireland in 461, found that the church built with wattles from the marsh was in a state of decay,

* Some historians, perhaps with better reason, declare that he was born in 405 at Kilpatrick, Dumbarton, a little town at the junction of the Leven and the Clyde. He is variously reported to have died in 493 and 509, some placing his age at 88, and others at 120.

and built a substantial edifice on Tor Hill, dedicated to St. Mary and St. Michael. He was Glastonbury's first abbot, though this fact is rather traditionary than historical, and his grave was near the altar of the original church. An oratory had previously existed on the site, having been founded a century after Joseph's arrival by two saints, Phaganus and Duruvianus. The Abbey itself now began to take definite shape, the eyes of all Christians being drawn to Glastonbury by reason of its sacred record. In the sixth century, in King Arthur's time, it was approaching that zenith of fame and splendour which did not decline for nearly a thousand years.

According to Professor Freeman, Glastonbury became, in the year 601, the great sanctuary of the British in the place of Ambresbury, which had but lately fallen. How it grew, how it was ruled by great leaders in the church, how it became the largest, the most beautiful, the most wealthy of all abbeys, how its fall was compassed, and how the last of its abbots, an aged man, was dragged to the hill-top and hanged,—these are historic facts which belongs to a date far later than that with which we are now concerned. We cannot even dwell upon Saint Patrick's sojourn at Glastonbury, or upon Dunstan's retirement to its cloisters in order to devote himself to study and music. Here it was he wrestled with the Evil One in person while labouring at his forge; here it was that heavenly visions were vouchsafed to him; here it was that he began his work of reformation in the church and made the abbey the centre of religious influence in the kingdom. After the lapse of centuries we gaze only upon the ruins of

the fabric, and from them learn how majestic the temple in its prime must have been, comprehending a little of the truth half-revealed and half-concealed in the silent storied places with their shattered walls, their crumbling archways, their unroofed chambers, their windows darkened with trailing weeds, and their floors over-grown with lank grasses and moss.

King Arthur's connection with Glastonbury cannot be deemed wholly mythical, though the mysteriously beautiful narrative which tells of his last days in Avalon seems too poetical for reality. There are, however, other links, not so generally recognised, connecting him with this consecrated place.

Glastonbury was not only his "isle of rest;" nor was the Abbey known only to him as a shrine. He claimed, or it was claimed for him, that he was descended on his mother's side from Joseph of Arimathæa. Glastonbury, in addition to its celebrity as a Christian sanctuary, would therefore have a claim upon King Arthur's attention for the sake of his venerated ancestor. Lady Charlotte Guest, in one of the valuable notes to her translation of the *Mabinogion*, calls attention to a record of William of Malmesbury, which proves how much Glastonbury was in King Arthur's mind on all occasions. "It is written in the Acts of the illustrious King Arthur," we read, "that at a certain festival of the Nativity, at Caerleon, that monarch having conferred military distinction upon a valiant youth of the name of Ider, the son of King Nuth, in order to prove him, conducted him to the hill of Brentenol for the purpose of fighting three most atrocious

giants. And Ider, going before the rest of the company, attacked the giants vigorously and slew them. And when Arthur came up, he found him apparently dead, having fainted with the immense toil he had undergone, whereupon he reproached himself with having been the cause of his death through the tardiness in coming to his aid ; and, *arriving at Glastonbury*, he appointed there four-and-twenty monks to say mass for his soul, and endowed them most amply with lands, and with gold and silver chalices and other ecclesiastical ornaments."

King Arthur's war with King Melvas, of Somersetshire (strongly reminiscent of the last war with Mordred, as related by Malory), reads like a veritable history. Whilst engaged in subduing the savage hordes in Wales and Cornwall, and in beating back the advancing Saxons, he found that the "Rex Rebelius" Melvas had stolen away his wife Guinivere, and carried her to Ynyswytryn. King Arthur gathered a large force and set out with his knights to take summary vengeance on the ravisher, whom he forthwith besieged. Further conflict was avoided by the intervention of Gildas, the abbot, who commanded Melvas to restore Guinivere to her rightful lord, and then succeeded in reconciling the two foes. They both ended by swearing friendship and fidelity to the Abbot, and the facts go far to show the potentiality of that dignitary at this period.

Thus, by establishing King Arthur's connection with Glastonbury, we increase the likelihood of his choosing the holy place at Avalon for his last resting-place. He knew the shrine well, and had visited the fruitful, balmy island-valley in which

his ancestor's name was deeply revered; and when his time drew nigh he could think of no sweeter, better spot in which to seek for peace. "Comfort thy selfe," said the king to weeping Sir Bedivere, after the last battle, "and do as well as thou maiest, for in me is no trust for to trust in; for I wil into the vale of Avilion for to heale me of my grievous wound; and if thou never heere more of me, pray for my Soule." And with the three mourning queens he passed from the bloody field of Camlan up the waters of the Bristol Channel to the isle

"Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow
Nor ever wind blows loudly."

"King Arthur, being wounded in battle, was brought to Glastonbury to be healed of his wounds by the healing waters of that place," an old record runs. But his wound was too grievous; and though Merlin prophesied that he "cannot die," the current tradition is that when he reached the sacred isle he "came unto his end."

In the time of the first Plantagenet, when the fame of King Arthur was revived, search was made at Glastonbury for the bones of the great British King. Henry II. was on his way to Ireland, and Henry of Blois, then Abbot of Glastonbury, undertook the task, fully intending, no doubt, that it should be successful. Between two pillars, at a depth of nine feet, a stone was found with a leaden cross inscribed on its under side in Latin:—"Here lies the renowned King Arthur, in the isle of Avalon;" and seven feet lower down his body was found in an oaken coffin. The historian Selden gives us an in-

structive report of how King Henry was induced to set about the strange enterprise of discovering the remains of King Arthur. He tells us that the King in his expedition towards Ireland was "entertained by the way in Wales with bardish songs, wherein he heard it affirmed that in Glastonbury (made almost an isle by the river's embracements) Arthur was buried betwixt two pillars. He therefore gave commandment to Henry of Blois, then Abbot, to make search for the corps, which was found in a wooden coffin (Girald saith oaken, Leland thinks alder), some sixteen foot deep; but after they had digged nine foot, they found a stone on whose lower side was found a leaden cross (crosses fixed upon the tombs of old Christians were in all places ordinary), with his name inscribed, and the letter side of it turned to the stone. He (King Arthur) was then honoured with a sumptuous monument, and afterwards the skulls of him and his wife Guiniver were taken out (to remain as separate relics and spectacles) by Edward Longshanks and Eleanor." But notwithstanding (says Mr. Glennie) the inscription on the leaden cross, "Hic jacet sepultus inclutus rex Arthurus in insula Avalonia;" or, as it is otherwise more epigrammatically given, "Hic jacet Arthurus, Rex quondam, Rexque futurus;"—

"His Epitaph recordeth so certaine

Here lieth King Arthur that shall raigne againe,"

it is hardly necessary to add that there is almost every reason to believe that this extraordinary 'find' could be nothing but a pious fraud, *in majorem monasterii gloriam.*" If the truth be not established, however, it has been incorporated into many chronicles as genuine history. Ball, in

his "Acts of English Votaries," bears testimony in these words:—"In Avallon, anno 1191, there found they the fleshe bothe of Arthur and of hys wyfe Guenever turned all into duste, wythin theyr coffines of strong oke, the bones only remayne. A monke of the same Abbeye, standing and behoulding the fine broydinges of the woman's heare as yellow as golde there still to remayne, as a man ravyshe, or more than halfe from hys wyttes, he leaped into the graffe, xv fote depe, to have caughte them sodenlye. But he fayled of hys purpose. For so soon as they were touched they fell all to pieces." So we might proceed to quote Camden, Stow, Matthew Paris, and many others.

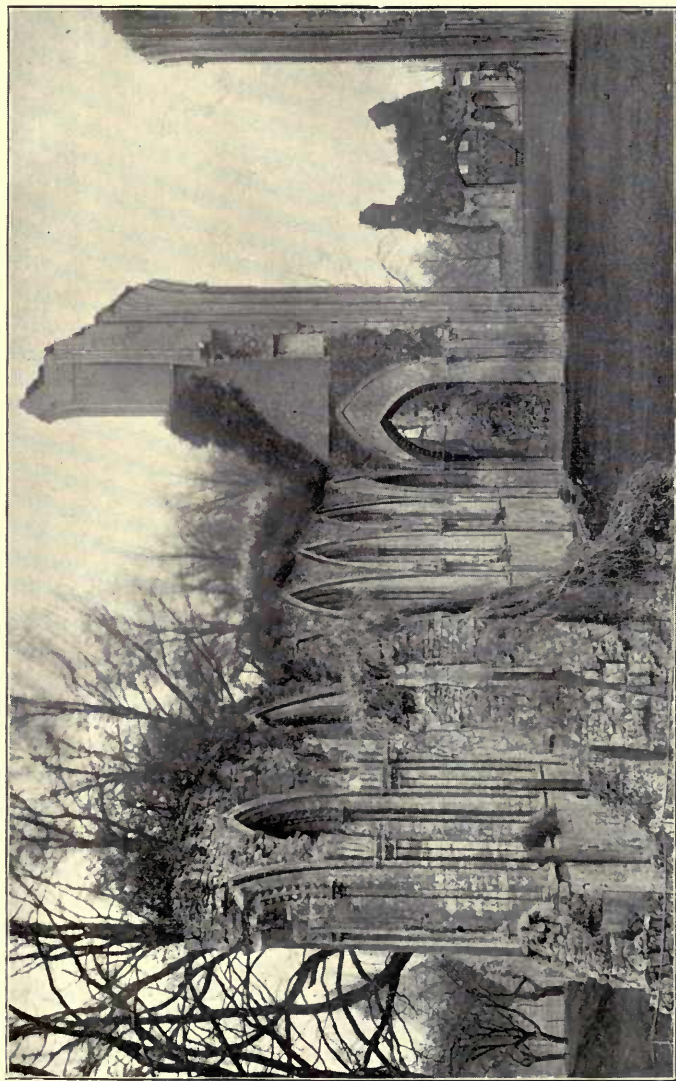
Modern Glastonbury has its museum, in which may be seen some pottery from "King Arthur's Palace at Wedmore," and a thirteenth or fourteenth century representation on the side of a mirror case of Queen Guinevere eloping with Sir Lancelot—the only two relics, I believe, which in any way recall the connection of King Arthur with the place. There are evidences of the antiquity of the abbey in abundance; though pilgrim staffs, leather bottles, palls, grace cups, roods, "counters" made by the monks to serve as coin, and even the reliquary containing a small piece of bone supposed to be of St. Paulinus, sent or left by St. Augustine himself for the purpose of establishing the modified form of the Benedictine rule, do not quite take us back to the sixth century. The remains of Arthur and Guinevere are stated to have had noble burial by King Henry's command in "a fair tomb of marble," and the cross of lead bearing the original inscription was placed in the church treasury. At

the suppression of the monasteries it is assumed that all the tombs and monuments shared one fate. Edward the First and his queen visited Glastonbury in 1273, and after seeing the shrine, fixed their signets upon the separate "chests" in which the dust was deposited. Within the sepulchre they placed a solemn written record of what they had seen, together with the names of the principal witnesses. King Edward is also said to have had Arthur's crown and jewels rendered to him. He and his queen were satisfied that they had gazed upon "the bones of the most noble Arthur ; and theirs were the last eyes to see the remains, false or true."

The historian Speed, in indignant strain, tells of the doom that befel the abbey in Henry the Eighth's days, when "this noble monument, among the fatal overthrows of infinite more, was altogether razed by those whose over-hasty actions and too forward zeal in these behalfs hath left us the want of many truths, and cause to wish that some of their employments had been better spent." All that now remains in association with St. Joseph and King Arthur is the abbey, surpassingly beautiful in ruins, founded in times faded almost from the recollections of a race ; it is itself half mystery and half monument. The stateliest of its chambers still bears the name of St. Joseph's Chapel, and itself with its delicate tracery, its exquisitely designed windows, its carved pillars, is like a fairy tale in stone. When the second Henry visited it, the already venerable abbey was a pile of architectural wonders and magnificence, thanks to the labours of Abbot Herlewiners. It was he who designed and

erected that veritable "gem of architecture," gorgeously ornamented and finished in classic grace, which serves as memorial to the first Christian saint in England. "Imagination cannot realise," says one chronicler, "how grand and beautiful must have been the view from St. Joseph's Chapel through its long-drawn fretted aisles up to the high altar, with its four corners symbolising the Gospel to be spread through the four quarters of the world." The matchless temple was over a hundred feet longer than Westminster Abbey; and its spaciousness was only equalled by its riches. Lofty mullioned windows rose nearly to the vaulting, "richly dight" and "casting a dim religious light"; and the profuse decorations of the walls took the form of running patterns of foliage, while vivid paintings of the sun and stars gave colour and animation to the cold stone. Little wonder that the gorgeous abbey in all its loveliness and noble proportion was deemed a fitting resting-place for king and saint.

Glastonbury to-day, amid all its ruin of spoliation and change, hints everywhere of the glory of its past. The charm of it lingers, though the excellence of it has vanished. In its stillness and seclusion, it retains the old-world air of beauty and of simplicity; time, which has overthrown so much, has tainted nought. Tower, and wall, and roof mingle their grey and brown, and red in the peaceful valley which the sparkling rivulet's water and entwine as with silver threads. The sheltered gardens, upon which the sunlight falls luxuriously, are bounteous as ever they were, and one might almost expect to see in the shadowy consecrated



From a Photograph by G. Shaw, Esq.]

[*Hull.*

KUINS OF CHURCH OF ST, PETER AND ST, PAUL, GLASTONBURY ABBEY.

places cowed and hooded monks pacing noiselessly, their eyes intent upon black-letter missals, or uplifted to behold the magic and splendour of hill and dale. The winding road has felt the pressure of many pilgrims' feet; at the vesper hour the weary fervent throng has gathered about the abbey doors; and through the spacious aisles, cool and shadowy, or stained with rich colours carried by slanting beams through the painted windows, the holy brothers have moved in slow and solemn procession, their voices subdued in chant, the air they breathe sweet with incense. Easily imagined is the hallowed aspect of the lofty fane, when the last rays of the sun shot redly within, suffused the altar in a crimson haze, and glared upon the burnished ornaments and the carvings of veined marble and whitest stone; or when the darkness gathered hauntingly, and one by one the tapers were lit, while the people were hushed and expectant, and the monks bowed themselves in adoration. Holy relics would show dimly in their places, rood and crucifix stand out dark against the walls, the royal tombs lie covered as with a pall, and a mysterious awe descend upon the worshippers in the temple. Outside, the world would be hushed, even as it is hushed to-day when the pilgrim stands amid the broken walls of St. Joseph's Chapel, or treads the thick, green turf between crumbling vestibule and arch. Truly Glastonbury was an isle of rest.

A Note on the Cathedral City of Wells.

By EDWARD R. STRICKLAND.

SAINTE Andrew's Well, which lies between the Cathedral and the Palace, is popularly supposed to have given a name to the place where many springs exist, and where, in the year 704 King Ine founded a collegiate church. The visitor to Wells to-day is struck among other things by the unusual sight of several limpid rivulets finding their way through the channel of the streets. It was upon the site of King Ine's collegiate church that the Cathedral rose in the year 1206 and continued to be magnified and enriched for a little more than two centuries. Its restorations in modern times need not greatly concern us, though it is gratifying to know that renovation in this instance has not meant defacement or the destruction of admired characteristics. Though one of the smallest of English cathedrals the edifice at Wells is one of singular beauty and grace. It is a bewitching picture in stone with its hundreds of sculptures, (the glory of the west front), its exquisite Lady Chapel, its noble porches and tower arches, and its windows "richly dight."

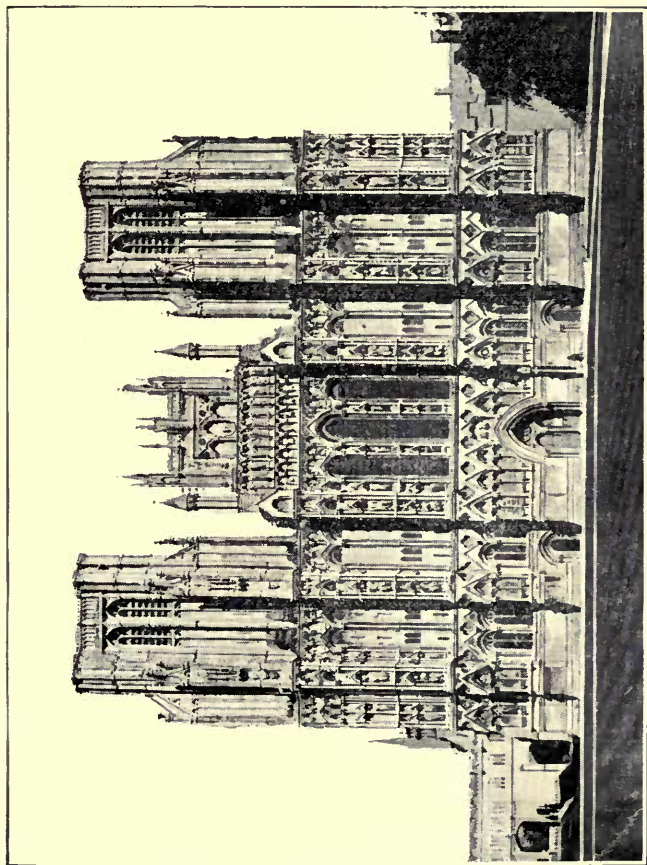
After Robert, the son of William the Conqueror, had plundered and burnt the Abbey at Bath, it was ordained, "for the dignity and usefulness of the church," that certain bishops' sees should be removed from small towns to places of greater



note. It was in consequence of this that the episcopal see of Wells was transferred to the ancient and flourishing city of Bath, John de Villula being empowered by royal charter to effect the change. "The diocese of Bath and Wells," says Peter Heylin, "though it hath a double name, is one single bishopric. The bishop's seat was originally Wells, where it still continues. The style of Bath came in but upon the bye." The six hundred sculptured figures which are crowded upon the exquisite Early English west front comprise no fewer than 153 which are life-size or colossal. These represent royal personages, bishops, nobles, and knights. The remainder of the figures, small in comparison, but each finely wrought, represent Biblical characters from the Creation. This magnificent embellishment is only comparable with that at Lichfield.

An impressionist view of the Wells of to-day is worth having, in the words of Mrs. Pennell. "From the cathedral tower," she says, "you have spread out before you an ecclesiastical enclosure, such as you have never seen, except in some old mediæval engraving. A gargyle grins at your side. Just below you are grotesque heads looking downward, and many pinnacles. To the north, and still lower, is the long narrow Vicar's Close, lined with little fourteenth-century houses, each holding up a tall chimney, and each with a little green place at its door. Beyond the southern transept, moated and battlemented walls shut in the old gabled Bishop's Palace and its garden. To eastward and westward, a mere handful of houses in straggling lines wander into the country. Throughout is but one prominent landmark, the

lovely grey tower of the Church of St. Cuthbert. This is all Wells. When you walk through the town, you find that everything worth looking at—the old houses to the north of the green, the many gateways, the little almshouses, where old men sit in the queer old stone seats in the outer wall to watch passers-by—in a word, everything beautiful with the beauty of other days, belongs in one way or another to cathedral or church. At first you may think you have found an exception in the market-place, where a few gabled houses with projecting storeys and diamond-paned windows and bits of carving still stand overlooking the town fountain and the cannon from Sevastopol. One of these is the Crown Inn, from which William Penn, who hated things ecclesiastical, once taught the people of Wells the new gospel of peace and love and salvation. And yet the market-place was built by a bishop, and in it you cannot forget the cathedral. It lifts its grey towers above the gateway at the corner, the only passage between the square and the cathedral-green. Near by is the beautiful old gate-house, with crumbling tracery and broken battlements, which leads towards the Palace. From the country around, from meadow-land to hill-tops, it is always cathedral and church you see when your eyes turn towards Wells. And so it is with the history of the town in the past and in the present. In the centuries that are gone, had it not been for the cathedral there never would have been a town. The great men of Wells were its bishops and priests; the great deeds, the building of cathedral and close, palace and deanery; the records, those of the Catholic Church in England through all



WELLS CATHEDRAL (WEST FRONT).

her growth in power, and wealth, and corruption, and fall . . . To-day, were it not for the cathedral, the town would fall into the long sleep for which already it seems so well prepared."

Of the high massive wall which once surrounded the precincts, and the three gates by which entrance was obtained, little remains, and that little attests only by its ill-use the scant concern the inhabitants have felt as to the fate of such interesting antiquities. The See of Wells was established in the year 909 by Edward the Elder, and the most famous of its seventy and odd bishops was Laud. But Jocelin, who in the thirteenth century laboured indefatigably and earned the name of "the second Founder," Fox, Wolsey, Barlow, and Ken have higher claims to reverential remembrance.

Wells owes its charter to King John, and from the time of the first Edward until the year 1867 it uninterruptedly sent two members to Parliament. One of the undefinable but most potent charms of the ancient city of Wells is its out-of-world character. It lies sheltered and environed by the quiet and seldom-traversed Mendip Hills, and the brooding heights seem to keep watch upon the cluster of houses and the cathedral-towers which they overlook. The city has none of the stir and restlessness of modern life, but is lapped in an unbroken calm. All its history of twelve centuries and more gathers about the majestic fane in its midst, and all its interests past and present seem to be bound up in episcopal life. Wells has been singularly undisturbed by the storm and stress of time ; it has been unchanging and slow in customs, and has enjoyed an enviable immunity from

dangers and alarms. Its men of note have been the bishops who have dwelt in long succession in the castellated palace of thirteenth century structure, and it even owes its rare, old-fashioned, picturesque market-place to one of their number. And, strangely enough, such history as Wells has is not entirely its own, for the chapters intermingle on the one side with the history of Glastonbury, and on the other side with the history of Bath. The reposeful city lying under the shadow of the Mendips is a typical Somerset haven with its healing springs, its antiquities, its undeniable beauties, and its subdued activity. It is one of the ideal resorts for the antiquary, the artist, and the poet.

Somersetshire Church Bell Inscriptions.

BY ENGLAND HOWLETT.

THERE is every reason for believing that the art of bell-founding was chiefly, if not perhaps entirely, carried out under the direction of ecclesiastics prior to the thirteenth century. Indeed the use of church-bells in England is practically as old as Christianity itself in the country. In the early centuries hand-bells, small and portable, were carried by the preachers to call the people together to the usual place of worship—generally on the hill-side. These same bells were also used in the various offices of the Church in places where a primitive building had been erected. The early portable hand-bells were not cast in a mould, but were formed of sheets of metal rivetted together so as to form a wedge-like figure, varying usually from five to nine inches in height. They were frequently preserved in richly-ornamented cases of great beauty in design and workmanship.

In later times the church-bells have been associated with nearly every event of interest in our daily lives, and this not only in large towns, but also in the quiet villages. In addition to the peal summoning the inhabitants to worship, and the passing-bell calling on the faithful to offer up prayer for a departing soul, and the death-knell, telling that all is over, there were bells rung for many other purposes. The gleaning-bell, for

instance, protected the gleaners from any undue advantage being obtained by reason of some getting the start of others. The market-bell regulated to a great extent many commercial transactions in a market town. The fire-bell aroused the inhabitants, and called forth help, which was generally done by ringing the bells backwards, and the parish-bell called the inhabitants to vestry to settle their local affairs. In times of great national danger too, the church-bells were used to warn the people and call them together, and also as signals from parish to parish, from Land's End to the Border, in bygone ages when the telegraph was unknown. Macaulay in his lay of *The Armada* tells us how

“Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out
from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on
Clifton Down.”

The beautiful old towers of Somerset are rich in the possession of mediæval or consecrated bells; in fact, the very bells which in days gone by daily sounded at matins and vespers still ring out to call the parishioners to worship. Many of these ancient bells are exceedingly beautiful in design and lettering, and their inscriptions are full of interesting associations, much more so indeed, than the legends which appear on bells after the Reformation.

There was formerly a very celebrated bell-foundry at Ash Priors, carried on by one Roger Semson. He dedicated most of his bells to the Blessed Virgin, for there are several of his bells with fleur-de-lis stop, and the legend:—

AVE MARIA GRACIA PLENA. R. S.

The two last letters are of course the initials of Roger Semson. The churchwardens' accounts of Woodbury, Devon, in 1548 and 1549, prove that he lived at Ash Priors, for in their accounts appear the travelling expenses of the churchwarden on horseback, with seven men, and no fewer than nine oxen, going backwards and forwards from Woodbury to Ash Priors with bells to be recast, and the payments to Roger Semson are set out.

In Somerset, large as is the county, and numerous as are the churches, there are only sixteen Jesus-bells properly so called, that is to say, bells in which the name of Jesus is introduced. These bells are to be found at Angersleigh, Bradford, Bicknoller, Dowlish Wake, Staple-Fitzpaine, East and West Quantoxhead, Nether Stowey, Otterford, Stawley, Thurloxtton, S. Decuman's, Halse, Kittisford, Over Stowey, and Thurlbeer. In the adjoining county of Devon there are no fewer than forty-six of these bells to be found.

These ancient bells, when cast, were set apart for their sacred uses by a solemn benediction, often called, from perhaps a too close approximation to the office of Holy Baptism, the Baptism of Bells. The office and the ceremonials used can be found in pontificals of the mediæval church, and varied but little after the ninth century. The bell itself was washed by the bishop with water into which salt had been previously cast. After it had been dried by the attendants the bishop next dipped the thumb of his right hand in the holy oil for the sick, and made the sign of the cross on the top of the bell ;

after which he again marked it, both with the holy oil for the sick and with chrism, saying the words :—

“Sancti + ficetur, et conse + cretur, Domine, Signum-
istud : in nomine Pa + tris, et Fi + lii et spiritûs +
Sancti : in honorem Sancti N. pax tibi.”

The ceremony was closed by the censuring of the bell.

At Cossington, East Harptree, Wookey, and Compton Dando, are bells dedicated to the Holy Saviour as “King of the Jews.” The second bell at Cossington carries the legend :—

“ + ihs Nazareus rex iudeorum.”

The A.B.C., or alphabet-bells, are found in all parts of England, and also in France and in Scandinavia. Four instances of these alphabet-bells are to be found in Somersetshire. One is on the second bell at Stoke S. Mary, near Taunton, from A to N set backwards. One is at Closworth A to X. Another is the fourth bell at Creech S. Michael. The remaining bell is at Walton, and the letters are all in confusion.

Somerset possessed three very celebrated *post*-Reformation bell-founders: the Bilbies, who appear to have carried on their business at Chewstock from before 1700 to 1815; the Purdues, who had their foundry at Closworth; and T. Wroth, of Wellington. Bridgewater, Frome, and Martock, also produced minor founders, but their names are not to be met with so frequently on bells in the county.

The following specimens show the ungodly style of inscriptions to be found on some of these *post*-Reformation bells. On the tenor at Shepton Beauchamp :—

"Hang me Right, And ring me Well,
They'll hear me sound at Hambdon Hill.
1738. Bilbie fecit."

On the second bell at Dunkerton :—

"Before I was a broke I was as good as any :
But when that Cokey casted I near was worth a penny.
Thomas Bilbie cast all wee. Mr. Thomas Harding and
Mr. Thomas Fowler Churchwardens, 1732."

And on the fifth bell :—

"Hark how the chiriping treable sounds so clear
While rowleing Tom com Tumbleing in the Reare.
Mr. Thomas Harding and Mr. Thomas Fowler Churchwardens
Thomas Bilbie cast all wee, 1732."

At Backwell may be found on the fourth bell an inscription which goes to show the low style of wit with which the rival founders often inscribed their bells, to perpetuate as it were, their rivalry of each other :—

"Bilby and Boosh may come and see
What Evans and Nott have done by me. 1758."

In similar style is the tenor bell at Somerton, dated 1714 :—

"Frind Wroth and Night, for all your Spite
Ould Edw. Bilbie me rund.
Pull me round and hear me sound
Frind such work you never done."

Throughout the county, and indeed in almost all the counties in England, a very favourite inscription for the big bell appears to have been :—

"I to the Church the living call,
And to the grave do summon all."

This is to be found on the sixth bell at Abbot's Leigh, and with a slight variation at Ash Priors, at Bath, and at Preston by Yeovil. At Creech S. Michaels, where one of the alphabet-bells is to be

found, there is also a bell which carries the beautiful legend :—

“Drawe neare to God, 1614. G. P.”

At the same church the second bell bears the single inscription :—

“Halleluiah. G. P. 1609.”

The first bell at Cossington is also similarly inscribed.

At Ile Abbots the third bell tells :—

“I will not fayle to singe mi part
According unto music art,
With my side mates I do agree
In perfet shape and harmony.”

At Keynsham on the first bell is :—

“I value not who doth me see
For Thomas Bilby casted me
Althow my sound it is but small
I can be heard amongst you all.”

The third bell at Puddimore, dated 1633, gives this warning :—

“Repent I say be not to late
Thy self at all times Redy make.”

The third bell at S. Michael's, Compton Martin, has evidently been recast. It bears the name of Bilbie, and the date 1719, and its legend is :—

“My sound is good which once was bad
Letts sing my sisters and be glad.”

Scattered all over the county are to be found bells commemorating a goodly company of holy men and women called to be saints, whose names occur with the usual *pre*-Reformation invocation : “Ora pro Nobis,” viz :—Augustinus, Anna, Andrew, Barbara, Katarina, Margareta, Gregory, Clement, Georgius, and Luca. These, as may be

expected, are not confined to any particular district, nor are they peculiar to Somersetshire.

On the fifth bell at Scampford Arundel is inscribed :—

“I sound to Beid the sick repent
In hope of life when breath is spent.”

The bell bears the date of 1668, and reminds us of the time when the passing-bell was rung as a “passing” bell, and not, as now, when the soul has left the body. The same inscription occurs at Somerton, and rather differently expressed it is to be found on a number of other bells. At Whitchurch, in Hampshire, the same idea is expressed on the tenor bell thus :—

“When I toll
The Lord save the soul.”

Bells invoking St. Gregory are very rare in England. The fifth bell at Whatley, however, has the legend :—

“Sancte Gregori ora pro nobis.”

Throughout Somerset are a number of bells which may properly be termed *Storm Bells*, and they have the beautiful legend :—

“✠ Voce mea viva depello cuncta nociva.”

This is to be found on the first bell at Thurlbeer and in many other places.

It is well known that the sound of Church bells was formerly supposed to ward off thunder and to calm storms and tempests, as well as to drive away and restrain the power of evil spirits. This idea is finely brought out in the Prologue to Longfellow's “Golden Legend.” It is said that whenever it thundered and lightened it was the custom at Malmesbury Abbey to ring the bell of

Saint Adhelm, and there was a special endowment to old St. Paul's, "for ringing the hallowed bells in great tempestes and lighteninges." Latimer, too, remarked in one of his sermons, "Ye know, when there was a storm or a fearful weather, then we rang the holy bells: they were they that must make all things well."* Wynkn de Worde in the "Golden Legend," wrote of the power of bells to cause the "feindes and wicked spirytes," to be abashed and flee, "and cease of the movynge of tempeste."

At Thurloxton the second bell is inscribed:—

✠ Sca Maria ora Pro Nobis."

And on the third bell at the same church:—

"AOPB AMCI AGIPE ANE. R. S."

This is either a founder's freak or possibly an anagram. In any case it conveys nothing but confusion to the ordinary reader, and its meaning, if ever it had one, seems now to be well-nigh lost in the shades of antiquity.

At Wivelscombe, out of the eight bells there, Bayley and Street were the founders of four of them, and each bears the date 1751. The first bell has a singularly appropriate inscription:—

"I lead in the melodious round."

The fourth bell tells us:—

"Health and delight good ringing yialds."

The fifth bell has the greeting:—

"Health, Plenty and Peace to this neighbourhood."

The seventh bell bears:—

"Me Resonare inbut. Pietas mors Atque Voluptas
William Yea Esq. Mr. John Gore Churchwardens."

* "Sermons of Bishop Latimer," p. 498.

The third and sixth bells in the same church have no founder's name, but in each case the inscription is uncommon. On the third bell :—

“From Hills and Dales our Pleasing notes resound ;”

And on the sixth bell :—

“From lying lips and slandering tongues Good Lord deliver us.”

The churchwardens' book for Weston-next-Bath has the following entry :—

“Be it remembered in November 1739 Weston's six old bells was taken down and caryed to Chewstoke and new cast by Thomas Bilbie for forty pounds. He added 100 lbs of new metall for five pounds. The new bells was fetched in February 1740, in two waggons, by men and boys, it being a hard frost. Hanged by John Bush, John Fernell for £20. Wm. Cheyme, Rector.”

Some bells proclaim the generosity of donors, singly, or collectively, but bells with inscriptions such as these are, as may be expected, *post-Reformation* ones. At S. Cuthbert's, Wells, the first bell, which has the date 1683, carries the inscription :—

“When I was made
People freely gave.”

And at S. George's, Whatley, the first bell, which is dated 1717, tells us :—

“Gifts free bought mee.”

At Nether Stowey the first bell dated 1749 is inscribed :—

“The gift of the Principal inhabitants.”

And the second bell at the same church :—

“The gift of Thomas Balch Esq.”

At Yeovil is to be found a bell declaring its own weight, and otherwise speaking forth its praise, and advertising the indefatigable founder Bilbie :—

"Take and weigh me right for I am near five thousand weight. Sing praise to God. T. B. F. Mr. Andrew Everton and Mr. George Butcher Churchwardens. When I was new cast September 26 the year 1728 Stephen Hopper and his wife Joane was the Doner. Alone come Let us sound out ile keep my place no doubt you Wrath and Wright Pray speak the right Come see how I am Run Twas young Bilbie that cast me such work you never done."

The fifth bell of S. Benedict's Church, at Butleigh, furnishes a curious instance of a founder's freak by means of placing the legend backwards. As it appears on the bell it reads:—

"DNURG + OTNI + EEHT + GNIRB + OT + GNIR + DNA
+ DNUOS + LLAHS + I + ERUTRAPED + YHT + TA +
1637. wk. R. P.

Properly read the legend is, of course:—

"At thy departure I shall sound,
And ring to bring thee into ground."

The charter of S. Stephen's ringers at Bristol dates from the time of Queen Elizabeth. It contains thirty articles, which are still read at the annual meeting of the society on November 17th, among which it is provided that "None shall be of the said Society, save those who shall be of honest, peaceable and good conversation," and that "they shall at all times be ready to defend the said Society against all charges that may be brought against it;" that they "must endeavour to gain credit by the musical exercise (of the bells); that others of their rich neighbours, hearing these loud cymbals with their ears, may, by the sweet harmony thereof, be enlarged in their hearts to pull one string to make it more sweet." The twenty-second article is as follows:—"If any one of the said Society shall

be so rude as to run into the belfry before he do kneel down and pray, as every Christian ought to do, he shall pay for the first offence sixpence, and for the second he shall be cast out of the company."

In conclusion it is interesting to note that no bells are to be found in Somersetshire with the royal heads embossed thereon, nor with those well-known shields, the one a chevron between three trefoils, the arms of Underhill; the other a chevron between three laver pots, the arms no doubt of some guild of bell-founders. All of these are found in other counties in England.

The Christian Symbol in Wood and Stone.

BY FLORENCE PEACOCK.

CROSSES, whether churchyard, preaching, market, boundary, weeping, or wayside, formed an important feature in the lives of our forefathers; and this not by any means from an exclusively religious standpoint. Public notices, proclamations, markets, and other events of a secular nature were connected in the minds of our ancestors with the great symbol of the Christian faith. Most likely it was only the churchyard cross that was solely devoted in the minds of men to religious observances. We in these times know, though they did not, that the cross was regarded as a religious symbol long before the rise of Christianity. It is found in many nations and amongst varying creeds, but so far as we are able at present to judge, it has left no pre-Christian traces in England.

Very early crosses are, however, to be found, those at Sandbach, in Cheshire, being of the seventh or eighth century, and in all probability there are none in England older. It has been computed that there are now remaining in the counties of Devon, Gloucester, Somerset, Wilts, and Cornwall, more crosses and fragments of crosses, than in all the West of England put together. It is not possible to say whether this statement is correct, for, saving in a few isolated cases, there are no lists of crosses now remaining, and until

they have been systematically dealt with, and the returns made public, we shall not be in a position to judge whether such a statement is to be accepted or not.

But this much we do know—that the West of England is far richer in these remains of a bygone day than any other part of the country; yet it is by no means easy to account satisfactorily for the circumstance. No one, at this distance of time, knows whether there were at any period as many crosses erected in the eastern part of the country; but we often find mention made of them in old records as being situated upon spots where there is now no trace of them to be found, and doubtless many hundreds have perished, the very record of which has long since passed into utter oblivion.

Mr. Charles Pooley, F.S.A., in the preface to his “Old Stone Crosses of Somerset,” attributes the wealth of crosses in this county to the fact of its being the seat of Christianity in Britain. I think that the correctness of this surmise is very doubtful, because it is only natural to suppose that, with the spreading of the Gospel of Christ throughout the land, the spread of his emblem would follow in its train, and also because we know to some extent why the West of England escaped from these influences which caused the sign of our Lord’s death to be destroyed in less favoured spots. There have been three great factors in the demolition of the beautiful traces of our past history that have been general throughout the country, but two of them passed more lightly over the western portion of it than they did over the rest of the island.

The first, and by far the greatest of these, was

the Reformation. Not only were crosses broken, pulled down, and defaced, because orders were in certain instances given that such things should be done, but in this case as in many others the blind fanaticism, which all ages and all peoples produce, confounded perfectly innocent things appertaining to the system objected to, with the real evils which undoubtedly existed. Thus many truly good and religious people did all that lay in their power to destroy crosses, because they associated them with much that really needed reformation. Then there were others like-minded with the celebrated Vicar of Bray, who had no convictions one way or the other, but who beheld in the destruction of things sacred an easy method of becoming popular with the powers that were. The second cause of the evil which befel crosses was the Civil War between Charles I. and the Parliament. The cataclysmic effects of the Reformation were subsiding, when everything was again thrown into confusion. The outburst of Puritanism which accompanied the struggle for civil rights caused much that was of the utmost value to suffer, and crosses held a conspicuous part in this category. Lastly, from that time until within the last few years there has been the ignorance of those who did not understand what they did when they destroyed, to be contended against. An instance of this is to be found in the case of the town of Ipswich, which could boast of having one of the two market crosses in England which had at the top a figure of justice holding a pair of scales. Early in the present century it seemed good unto those in authority to pull down this venerable relic.

The Reformation and the Civil War did far less damage to the crosses in the West of England than they did to those in other parts of the country, but to enter into the why and wherefore of this would require a history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to be written. Ignorance, however, has not spared Somerset. Crosses were pulled down to save the expense of repairing them in some cases ; in others to use the materials for mending the roads ; and there are strange stories of their being also turned into gate-posts by provident farmers, who desired to make them useful, and who, to attain this end, cut them to the desired sizes.

There are many kinds of crosses, and I believe that Somerset contains specimens of each. The boundary cross was set up, as its name indicates, for a land-mark to show where two parishes or two manors joined ; and as very often a road also divided them, it followed that the cross was placed beside it, and thus it became also a wayside cross. But many boundary crosses did not stand on or by the road, and thus they were regarded as more truly boundary marks than those which, as it were, filled a double place. The wayside cross proper was erected as a rule either to mark the spot upon which someone had died a violent death, or to commemorate a striking event which had taken place there ; or it was upon a spot convenient as a resting-place for funeral processions. In these cases it was customary for the mourners and those who composed the procession to pause at the crosses, and say prayers for the repose of the soul of the departed whom they were bearing to his last earthly resting-place. In the case of great

people, crosses were sometimes erected at the spots where the body had remained all night on its way from the place of death to that of burial. The most celebrated instances of this are the Eleanor crosses. They have impressed themselves on the imagination more than any other of the English crosses. Churchyard crosses were, as the name indicates, placed in the sacred enclosure, and some few churchyards can boast of two, but in *pre*-Reformation times it would have been well-nigh impossible to find a churchyard that lacked its cross. The stone symbols were usually placed on the southern side of the church, or if that were not convenient to the east or west of it, but very rarely on the north. Preaching crosses were erected on some spot conveniently situated for the preacher to be able to draw around him a congregation. He stood at the base of the cross, or, if it had, steps most likely he raised himself by their means above his congregation, and from thence exhorted them. High crosses generally stood in some conspicuous spot in the town or village, such as where four streets met; public proclamations were made at the foot. In the absence of a high cross these public announcements were made at the market cross, which, as its name indicates, was upon the spot where most of the buying and selling of eatables took place.

It is obvious that in a paper, which must of necessity be very limited, it is impossible to give any detailed account of the crosses of Somerset, and even to mention them all merely by name would be quite out of the question. A few specimens must be selected.

Stringston possesses one of the few canopied crosses now left in the county. It is supposed to be fourteenth century work, and the design is very graceful. It is somewhere about fifteen feet high, and has a pierced head. On the eastern side is the Holy Rood; on the west the figure of the Blessed Virgin, with the Holy Child in her arms; at the north is a bishop in his episcopal vestments, the right hand held aloft in the act of benediction; and at the southern side is a knight fully armed and carrying a spear. Most likely the bishop and the knight are meant to represent the spiritual and lay authority. There was at Stringston a custom, the existence of which I have never heard of outside a church at so late a period. In *pre*-Reformation times all sorts and conditions of men did obeisance to the cross wherever it might be, just as is done now in Spain and other Roman Catholic countries, and this ceremony does not seem to have died out at Stringston at the same time as it did elsewhere. A writer in the *Ecclesiologist* for 1844, says:—"Until very lately it was the custom for the people at Stringston to do obeisance to the Churchyard cross."

We know that there existed until sometime in the middle of the eighteenth century, two crosses at Bridgewater. One of them seems to have been known indifferently as the High, or Market Cross; it was situated opposite the entrance to the High Street.* The work was of late fourteenth century, but the roof and upper portion were modern. Mr. Pooley relates that fish was

* A good account of this Cross is to be found in *The Old Stone Crosses of Somerset*, 1877, p. 72. By Charles Pooley, F.S.A.

especially sold there. This cross preserved an historical interest quite apart from its age or beauty. I have already alluded to the fact that public notices were often given out at the Market Cross, and here in 1685, the then Mayor of Bridgewater, Alexander Popham, committed that insane act of high treason which helped to entail upon the West of England all the horrors of "The Bloody Assize." Little did he realize when he proclaimed the Duke of Monmouth King of England of what was to follow. On one of the pillars of the cross was engraved "MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS," and had Alexander Popham profited by this good advice, it would have been better for him and for others. The second cross at Bridgewater was known as the Pig Cross, and there have been many and varied explanations given to account for the origin of the name. The most likely one seems to be that it is a corruption of Pignes, which is the name of an ancient manor of Bridgewater, and we know that the cross stood on its boundary; but it is at all times a dangerous thing to speak with anything approaching certainty regarding the derivation of words of local usage.

A remarkably fine cross is to be seen in the western end of the churchyard at Bishop's Lydeard; no grander fourteenth century cross exists in all Somerset. The form is octagon, with a calvary of three steps, a socket and a shaft, all old; but a modern cross has been added to replace what was lost. On the eastern side of this shaft the stone is sculptured with a niche with a canopy, the head of which is trefoiled. It is nearly three feet in height. In the niche is a

figure, most likely intended to represent S. John the Baptist, since he is clothed in what seems to represent camel's hair. At the sides of the central niche are two lateral niches containing figures. The especial interest of this cross, however, is to be found in its socket. There are eight faces, each one sculptured to form a sunken panel, oblong and ornamented with bas reliefs. In the one facing east Our Lord is shown. He is seated upon a throne, and beside Him is a winged lion. The western panel shows His resurrection; the tomb is given with the two Marys kneeling by it, and the figure of the Saviour is undraped. The twelve apostles fill the other panels, two in each.

There existed in Wells a very fine cross, erected, in 1542, by Bishop Knight* and Dean Woolman.† Most likely it occupied the place of an older cross, but of this we are not certain. Leland, who saw it when it was in process of building, says:—"Wyllyam Knight now Bishop of Bath, buildeth a Crosse in the Market Place, a right sumptuous Peach of Worke." He goes on to describe it, and then says in a note:—"This work was made by the Legacie of Doctor Wolman, Deane of Welles." So far as I can learn this cross remained until 1785.

There are two crosses at Wedmore, one in the churchyard; the other, a very beautiful one, stands in a garden, and just in front of a house which is of some historical interest, as it is said to

* William Knight, L.L.D., Archdeacon of Richmond and Chester, and Dean of the Collegiate Church of Leicester. Consecrated, May, 1541. Died, September, 1547. *Fasti Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*, 1854, p. 144.

† Richard Wouleman, or Vouleman, L.L.D. 1529 to 1537. *Ibid*, p. 153.

be one in which Judge Jeffreys lodged when he was in Somerset upon the business of "The Bloody Assize." Upon this cross, tradition reports, he hanged a doctor because he gave surgical help to a wounded rebel. A large proportion of the Somerset crosses that yet remain to us, have, in some form or other, the Blessed Virgin sculptured upon them. Sometimes she is represented with her Divine Son in her arms, as an infant; sometimes crowned as queen of Heaven; but so far as I am aware there is not a single instance of a Pièta—that is, the Blessed Virgin holding her dead Son in her arms after the body was taken down from the cross. The Rood, too, is to be found with the figure of our Redeemer on the cross, and S. John and the Virgin kneeling by it. This frequently occurs. Somerset also contains many parishes in which parts of crosses remain, the steps, socket, or base, as the case may be. Sometimes it is only the head which has suffered, recalling the lines:—

"They shot him dead at the Nine Stane Rig,
Beside the Headless Cross,
And they left him lying in his blood
Upon the moor and moss."*

In one respect Somerset has been more fortunate than many other counties. Mr. Pooley made what he believed to be an exhaustive list of all the crosses and parts of crosses that remained, and he described them. If other have since been discovered, or should more in any way come to light (and it is by no means unlikely that they may be dug up in church-yards or discovered

* *Bartran's Dierge*, by Robert Surtees.

during the "restoration" of churches), the fact should be notified to the Society of Antiquaries. But even should nothing fresh be discovered, Somerset may still consider herself surpassingly rich in these old-time memorials—the

“Relics of a bygone age,
Now the world is older,
Men have turned from thee their gaze,
And all life seems colder.

Dead are all who sought thy feet,
We, our faith is colder,
Care not thus the Saints to greet,
Ah! the world is older.”

The Camelot of History and Romance.

BY CUMING WALTERS.

TO many people it may seem as preposterous to search for a real Camelot as to search for the lost Atlantis or the fabled cities of Arabian romance. But the Arthurian country is not wholly lost or wholly legendary. If ever the British chieftain lived, and drew his knights around him, and made a realm and reigned, his kingdom was in the West Country, and in the west we must seek for his capital, his royal abodes, and his pleasure haunts. Yet the search may result in much disappointment, much confusion, and in the loss of many cherished ideas. Those who press the questions, where is many-tower'd Camelot, where is the royal mount rising between the forest and the field, where is the flashing city of the marvellous gate?—may be referred by the veracious historian to a village in France, or by the dry-as-dust antiquary to a hamlet in Scotland. Time has razed the real city, wherever it was, and the poet can invest it with charms and environ it with wonders which it never possessed. The simple lover of the legend will be content to find King Arthur's favourite haunt in the fair domain of England, amid the sleepy vales and undisturbed hills of restful Somerset. On the Mendips, within sight of a long range of wooded verdant hills, many a tower and steeple dotting the vale which sweeps away until lost in the bluish haze of

distance, here and there a bright homestead twinkling on the heights or nestling in the bowery hollows, there is a deserted place called Cadbury Camp. It stands on the hill above Twickenham, abutting on the plain which extends to Ilchester. A stone wall winds round an ancient encampment and marks its bounds, and just across the open plain looking towards Portishead lie the widening waters of the Bristol Channel. The hills around show every variety of green, as they stretch further and further from the shore, and one would think that the region had been unvisited for a thousand years. And if tradition be true, this was Camelot: Camelot, where King Arthur sought repose; Camelot, where Sir Lancelot brought the daughter of King Leodegrance of the land of Camelyard, "the gentilest and fairest lady:" Camelot, where the king was wedded "unto dame Guinevere in the church of St. Steven's with great solemnity." It was here, if this indeed be Camelot, that Merlin bade the Knights of the Round Table (the gift of Leodegrance to King Arthur), to sit still while he showed them "a strange and marvellous adventure," known as the adventure of the white hart. Here, too, was the scene of Sir Gawaine's discomfiture after his false dealing with Pelleas and Ettarde, one of the most moving of Malory's tales. It was the vigil of Pentecost, and all the seats at the Round Table were filled, save the Siege Perilous, though the time had now come, "four hundred winters, and four and fifty being accomplished, after the passion of our Lord Jesus Christ," that the place should be no longer vacant. The king wished, according to custom, to see another adventure before sitting

down to meat, and tidings were brought him of a marvellous stone floating in the river, and a sword sticking in it. Lancelot warned the knights not to touch the sword: "who assayeth for to take that sword, and faileth of it, he shall receive a wound by that sword." Nevertheless Gawaine, obeying the command of the king, took the sword by the handle, but failed to move it; and Gawaine next day vowed to set forth upon the quest of the Grail, the vision of which had appeared unto the assembly when they returned from "Camelot's minster." His quest was unavailing. Through the streets of Camelot the knights sallied forth, "and there was weeping of the rich and poor, and the King turned away, and might not speak for weeping." Of all who failed, Gawaine failed most signally. The monk of the abbey where he sought refuge condemned his wickedness, and the good man at the hermitage, of whom he asked harbour for charity, reproached him with his mischievous life of many winters, and sternly bade him do penance. If Gawaine redeemed his reputation as the champion of the injured King, it scarcely sufficed to atone for all the evil he wrought when the days were fair at Camelot.

In the famous "Prologue" to Malory's History by Caxton, we are told that a record of King Arthur was to be found in "the towne of Camelot, the grete stones and mervayllous werkys of yron lyeing under the grounde, and royal vautes, which dyvers now lyving hath seen." These relics have vanished, and Camelot is nothing but a waste. But there is just a chance that Caxton had some other Camelot than South Cadbury in his mind, for he speaks of it as in Wales; while in the story

of the burial of Balin and Balan by Merlin, we read that "Balin's sword was put in marble stone, standing upright as great as a milestone, and the stone hove alwayes above the water, and did many yeares, and so by adventure it swam down this streame to the citie of Camelot, that is in English, Winchester." This confusion is easily explained. Putting aside the fact that there is little coherence or consistency in the geography of the romance, we find a reason for the chronicler's explanatory statement that Camelot was Winchester. In Monmouthshire is *Caer-went*, a resort of King Arthur, and Winchester was known as *Caer-wynt*, a sufficiently close resemblance to lead the old chroniclers astray. Obviously there must have been more than one Camelot, if we are to pay any heed to the situation, distance, and characteristics mentioned in Malory's chapters. *Caer-went* has a history dating back to the fifth century, when a school or college was founded there by *Ynys Gwent*, king of the district called *Gwent*, and the husband of *Vortimer's* daughter, *Madrum*. At *Caer-went* was fought one of the last British battles with the Saxons, just as they were reaching the gates of *Caerleon* itself. It is this place which we find occasionally figuring as Camelot in Malory's history, but the "*Somerset Eden*" has far higher claims to that name and all that we associate with it.

South Cadbury, or Cadbury Camp, silent and deserted as it now is, undoubtedly has a curious history. It was anciently known as *Camallate* and *Camellek*, and was early associated with King Arthur. Some have supposed it was the Cath-

brigion where Arthur routed the Saxons in a great battle, and so linked his name indissolubly with the locality. Leland, in his Itinary, describes it as "sometime a famous town or castle, upon a very torre or hill, wonderfully enstrengthened of nature;" and John Selden, in his notes to the "Polyolbion" of Drayton, definitely describes it as "a hill of a mile compass at the top, four trenches encircling it, and twixt every one of them an earthern wall; the contents of it, within about twenty acres, full of ruins and relics of old buildings." It has yielded various ancient weapons, Roman coins, a silver horse-shoe, and articles of camp equipage. The four concentric deep ditches and the ramparts, forty-five feet apart, can still be traced, and the camp seems to have been originally connected with an extensive entrenchment on the opposite summit of the hill to the north-west.

From its position Cadbury must have been an important station, commanding the military road which ran from Bower Walls on the Avon to the neighbouring heights of Clevedon—the little town which gave birth to Arthur Henry Hallam, whose ancestral abode, Clevedon Court, is sheltered by the fir-trees which are seen grouped in gloom from Cadbury's height. From Cadbury can be discerned the pretty village of Wrington, where is cherished the memory of the Rev. W. Leeves, who fashioned for "Auld Robin Gray" a fitting melody. Indeed, it is easy to perceive that the possessor of a stronghold on Cadbury would be able to hold in subjection the entire district, and the name of the place appears to bear witness that a decisive battle once raged there, for *cad* is the

Cornish and Cymrian word for battle, and *bury* for hill or brow.

But it is Arthur, and Arthur only, who is commemorated at Cadbury Camp to-day. There may be seen his Round Table, and the local superstition runs that within the charmed circle the king may be seen sitting with his knights behind barred golden gates. The great entrenchment is called the site of King Arthur's Palace; in the fields below is King Arthur's Hunting Causeway; and it is King Arthur's Well which springs from the hillside and bubbles up in the fourth ditch. These recall the wondrous past, the golden days, when the fame and splendour of Arthur's court were on all tongues, and the later poet could still ask :—

“Like Camelot what place was ever yet renown'd,
Where, as at Caerleon, oft be kept the Table Round,
Most famous for the sports at Pentecost so long,
From whence all knightly deeds and brave achievements
sprong.”

Cadbury Camp to-day has neither church, nor dwelling-places, nor population, but we read much of all these in the ancient romances. The church of St. Stephen's, often called the “minster,” was the place where the King and his followers assembled to hear the Archbishop's blessing upon their enterprises, and in the adjoining grounds the principal men slain in battle were buried with all honour. The twelve kings who fell in war with King Lot “were buried in the church of Saint Stephen's, in Camelot; and the remnant of Knights and of others were buried in a great rock,” so one of the records runs. By the side of Lanceor's tomb, made by Merlin,

Tristram and Lancelot encountered each other, and "fought together unknown," and "either wounded other wonderly sore, that the blood ran out upon the grass;" then, discovering that they were friends, they yielded up their swords, "either kissed other an hundred times," and rode back to Camelot. Elaine, the mother of Galahad, came to Camelot richly attired, and put Lancelot to shame, and it was at Camelot that the last sad scenes were enacted, The quest for the Sancgreal began there, and King Arthur, full of forbodings, took a last review of his knights, and caused them to assemble for a last tournament in Camelot's meadows, "that after your death men may speak of it, that such good knights were wholly together such a day." When next we read of Camelot, Arthur is regretting the loss of half his noble company; and when the worst had come to pass, and the King discovered the wrong done to him by Lancelot and Guinevere, it was of lonely Camelot he thought with tenderest regret.

We associate Camelot with the more peaceful part of King Arthur's life, and with the brighter and more hopeful history of his followers, though sad and tragic episodes in that history are by no means lacking. Up the soft velvety sward came the knights in armour, ready to tourney for the prize of ladies' smiles; and where the bee buzzes, and the pheasant runs, was heard the clash of arms, or the caracolling of many steeds. Here, too, and we tell now a more certain truth, came the Roman with his legions; here met contending forces, and the repose of the land was broken with the tumult of war. Time has swept away every vestige of the power and glory of old, and left the

open field, the trench, and the broken gray wall, as the sole mementoes of Camelot, but about all is retained the glamour of one heroic name. The rabbit and the mole burrow to the foundations of Arthur's royal town, and the centuries have laid moss and leaf upon the unfrequented paths and the vanishing signs of former occupation. Yet no one can spend an hour at Cadbury Camp without feeling that "the dust we tread once breathed." The Severn sparkles in the distance, and was probably the "river of Camelot, where Merlin set the peron or tombstone," and where Sir Tristram, appointed his meeting with Palamides.

Let us take a further glimpse of the poet's Camelot. No description of it could be more entrancing than Tennyson's. He told of the mighty hall, built by Merlin, with its mystic symbols in sculpture and statue ; and he said that it was reached by the—

"Sacred mount of Camelot,
And all the dim, rich city, roof by roof,
Tower after tower, spire beyond spire,
By grove and garden-lawn, and rushing brook."

Arthur's statue had been moulded with a crown, and "peaked wings pointing to the northern star," and this representation again calls attention to the astronomical significance of the history of the King whose name is preserved in Arcturus, the star of first magnitude, above which is set "Arthur's Chair," the Ursa Major which may have suggested the Table Round.

We realize at Cadbury Camp, despite all its natural beauty, that never was, and never can be, such a fairyland as "many-tower'd Camelot." Its crystal dykes, its slope street, its weird white gate,

and its spires and turrets without number, are a poet's dream. It was the city of enchanters, built by fairy kings, a city which had no beginning, was raised by no human hands, and can have no end—

“A city of shadowy palaces
And stately, rich in emblem, and the work
Of ancient kings, who did their days in stone ;”

a city of pure delights, of calm and innocence, of splendour and contentment—

“And out of bower and casement shyly glanced
Eyes of pure women, wholesome stars of love ;
And all about a healthful people stept,
As in the presence of a gracious king.”

Where, indeed, could be this Eden, save in the imagination of the romancer who conceived a fitting scene for King Arthur's court? It is like the fairy gold which vanishes whenever a hand reaches out to touch it. Better to people it with the phantoms of Arthur's court than to discover that the cave-men of the Mendips made it an abode. “The people can telle nothing ther, but that they had hard say that Arture much resorted to Camalat,” wrote Leland, and that suffices. The “Camaletic Mount” was held to be sacred in old time, and its associations are such as to make it worthy of having its hidden history more deeply investigated than it hitherto has been.

Roman and Fashionable Bath.

BY EDWARD R. STRICKLAND.

SOMERSET'S chief city dates back traditionally to nearly nine centuries before Christ, and thus may be claimed to be the oldest in the kingdom. Its real history, as verified and recorded, however, begins with the Romans, who at this intersection of the road from London to Wales established a station which was called *Aquæ Solis* or *Calidæ*. According to their custom it was surrounded with solid walls, and in Leland's time four gates remained; while the thermal springs were dedicated to *Apollo Medicus*, to whom in the third century a statue was raised. An imposing temple to *Minerva* was also erected, and it was upon the site of this edifice that the first nunnery was established in the year 676 when Bath had become Christian. The earliest legends take us back to the mythical *Bladud*, son of *Lud*, and father of *King Lear*, a great prince and magician. According to *Geoffrey of Monmouth* he made himself wings and attempted to fly, but when at a considerable height fell and was dashed to pieces against the temple of *Apollo*. A statue to this reputed discoverer of the thermal springs was, in 1699, erected in the Pump Room. Whether the healing springs of Bath owed their origin to the tears of *Prince Bladud* (as some have said) or whether we must look to a more substantial and less mythical reason

for their presence, is a question upon which we need not enter. The only useful purpose served by recalling the story of the Prince, unknown to sober history, is in showing that the medicinal wells have been known from a very remote era, and are associated with earliest traditions.

King Arthur also has a more or less fabulous connection with Bath, but the fiction that it was here the decisive twelfth battle was fought against the Saxons, called "The Battle of Mons Badonicus," has been almost completely demolished. It is probable, however, that Bath was known to the Arthurian following, for on the expulsion of the Romans it fell into the hands of the South and West Britons, who in turn were ejected after many fierce contests by the Saxons. It was during the Arthurian era that "Acemaunescester," or "sick man's city" became converted to Christianity. Where the city of Bath is situated the ancient Britons had their *Caer Pallader*, or city of Pallas. The Abbey Church now occupies the site of the temple to Minerva, and in 1755 when the old Abbey-house was destroyed there were dug up from the foundations ancient stone coffins and Roman baths, which had lain unknown and concealed perhaps for a thousand years. The magnificent Roman baths, temples, altars, and pavements which have been uncovered date back from the first to the sixth century. When, eventually, the ravaging Huns reached the capital of the Cæsars, a hasty stampede took place from the remote parts under Roman sway, and Bath was left to be habited or despoiled by a barely-civilized race. But with the Christianising of the city a new chapter of its history began.

'The history of the Abbey Church at Bath is remarkably interesting and curious. The latest edifice of any magnitude which was erected in this country in the purely Gothic style, and known as the "Lantern of England" on account of the large number and the splendour of its windows, it had its origin in a sixth or seventh century nunnery founded by a Northumbrian King. It was destroyed by the ravaging Danes, and rebuilt in the year 775 by Offa, King of Mercia. Burnt again by the Conqueror's son, rebuilt by the first Bishop of Bath and Wells, and destroyed by fire after that prelate's death, it was eventually built once more on a much larger scale under the supervision of a Sussex monk, Robert of Lewes. This was in 914. Three hundred and fifty years later a supernatural vision to Bishop Oliver King had a great influence upon its destinies. This prelate, after a visit to Bath, dreamed that, like Jacob, he saw angels ascending and descending a ladder which reached to heaven, but near the place it rested upon was an olive-tree supporting a crown. While he gazed he heard a voice say—"Let the Olive establish the crown, and a King restore the Church." It was a time when architecture was a sublime art, and the Bishop, feeling himself assigned a divine mission, determined to lavish all available wealth upon a magnificent fabric. He began the great work forthwith, but did not live to see its completion. The Priors of Bath, including the famous Prior Bird who devoted all his wealth to the object and died in abject poverty, continued the work on the lines laid down; but the building of a place, designed on a spacious scale and beautified extensively within and

without, was the work of a century, and when it was completed the Eighth Henry was upon the throne to raise it.

Surrendered to the Crown, this Church dedicated to St. Peter was offered to the citizens for 500 marks ; but they either could not or would not raise the money. It was thereupon stripped of its glass, iron, and lead, which were sold. In 1542 Humphry Collis purchased the skeleton-building, but it remained in a forlorn and dilapidated state until 1572, when one, Peter Chapman, undertook to repair it. Encouraged by Queen Elizabeth, other citizens resolved upon a restoration of the noble fabric, and Bath Abbey Church was eventually reconsecrated, and it stands, a picture in stone, a glorious specimen of the builder's art, and a monument to the devotion of the sons of the Church in olden times.

The history of Bath is long, chequered, and curious, a medley, indeed, of pomp and frippery. It was always a place of luxury, a haunt of fashion, a city of attraction. The Romans made it an abode of splendour and ease. Here the Saxon King Edgar was crowned. Here Beau Nash and his following of fops ruled the world of wit and folly ; here in Goscoigne Place that King of Fashion died miserably. The Pump Room was the recognised centre of beauty and fashion in the eighteenth century. The beaux and belles sauntered along the Parade, were drawn along in Bath chairs, or lounged about the notable assembly-rooms during the "season." But the scenes of Smollett's "Humphry Clinker" and Sheridan's "Rivals" have changed or passed away : the Bath of to-day is by no means the Bath of Captain

Absolute's times, though it still maintains its traditional elegance and takes pride in the gaiety of its "season." But another generation has arisen which treats Beau Nash with contempt, and which wonders why Walter Savage Landor regarded Bath and Florence as the only two European cities worth resorting to. Even the Abbey is compared unfavourably with the more stately and richly-wrought edifices which are to be found in a dozen parts of the kingdom.

In King Stephen's time, Bath was destroyed by fire. But again did it rise, phoenix-like, from its ashes, and in the time of Richard Cœur de Lion its charter was granted. Queen Elizabeth visited this city in 1591; Charles II. was there in 1663, and set the fashion of drinking the waters, in addition to bathing in them. During the Civil War, Bath supported the Royalist cause, but it was seized by the Parliamentarian, Sir William Waller; the Royalists returned to the attack, and won the city back, and until it was basely surrendered two years later, it remained in the possession of the Cavaliers. Such are some of the leading episodes in the later history of this remarkable place. The resort of monarchs, the abode of fashion's leaders, it naturally figures extensively in the books of authors of past generations, and incidental descriptions of Bath will be found in the pages of Smollett, Sheridan, Fielding, Miss Austen, Madame D'Arblay, Dickens, and many others.

The natural amphitheatre in which the city is situated gave the architect special facilities for displaying his powers, and one of the craft, Wood by name, conceived the idea of re-building Bath in uniform style upon a grand design. Thanks to

his efforts and suggestions much was done to make the city picturesque, and to take full advantage of the opportunities offered by nature. With its white freestone houses, its graceful towers and spires, its background of hills, and its calm deep river, the city has an unrivalled aspect, and if its fame as a resort has declined during the last century, its appearance has, if anything, improved. The change in the Bath of to-day, since the time when its repute was the highest, is remarked by the author of "Gray Days and Gold," who tells us how the Avon is spanned by bridges undreamed of by Smollett and Sheridan, and how "the town has crept upward, along both the valley slopes, nearer and nearer to the hill-tops that used to look down upon it. Along the margins of the river, many gray stone structures are mouldering in neglect and decay; but a tramcar rattles through the principal street, while, where of old the horn used to sound a gay flourish, and the coach to come spinning in from London, now is heard the shriek and clanging of the steam-engine dashing down the vale."

It was here that that strange genius, the author of "Vathek," raised a tower which commemorates his name—"Beckford's Tower," 130 feet in height, situated on the summit of Lansdown Hill. James Quin, the actor, whose tongue

"Set the table on a roar,
And charmed the public ear,"

(to quote from Garrick's epitaph), was buried in Bath Abbey in 1766, and his tablet may be seen in one of the porches.

But it is not with records of this sort that the

antiquary deals. He is interested in the relics of *Aquæ Solis*—the sudatories, the tessellated floors, the ornamental columns around the springs, and the superb Roman baths (such as that discovered in 1885) with the sumptuous dressing-rooms surrounding them. Mr. H. D. Traill has a theory that in the third century or thereabouts Bath was “a Pompeii of larger extent, with the green slopes of Lansdown for its milder and less formidable Vesuvius.” If systematic excavations were made no doubt the discoveries would be valuable and perhaps astonishing. A buried city of unusual magnificence would come to light, and we should see the veritable picture of Roman riches and luxury shaped out in stone and wondrously embellished—an unique memorial of the once all-powerful race of which only history and monuments remain.

Clevedon: A Literary Shrine.

BY CUMING WALTERS.

CLEVEDON town, with its tall houses of grey stone, its new church standing high, its Franciscan friary, its steep white streets, its gardens and fields, and its long curving line of cliffs reaching to Portishead, makes a pleasant picture darkly framed by encircling hills, some with their summits crowned by tree-clusters, others with thickly-wooded sides, and a few bare, rugged, and brown. On the opposite side of the Channel are the Welsh hills, a misty blue melting in the distance, with here and there a sharp peak piercing the sky. Gazing seawards you may detect far down the river a small tongue of land protruding into the water, or a jutting cliff, or a rocky islet around which the waves make a white and glistening ring of foam, while a lighthouse stands forth gauntly in mid-water like a giant-sentinel. Looking inland again you see behind the little town a looming hill of fir, ever crowded with shadows, and where, for those who know the tale, the pale ghosts of memory linger away. In the bosom of the wood lies the stately Elizabethan mansion, the ancestral home of the Hallams and Eltons, undiscovered until many a winding walk has been traversed among the multitudinous trees, and until the heights of the land have been laboriously scaled. It was among these quiet hills and valleys, in a sparsely-peopled country, that the

first and last scenes were played in one of the most sadly-beautiful of human dramas—a drama solemn and tragic, which closed with the death of a young man of rare genius, of surpassing powers, of attributes that have been called divine; a short drama of life and death, which gained for its epilogue the most beautiful elegy and requiem in the English language, perhaps in the world, the “In Memoriam” of his friend, Alfred Tennyson.

Clevedon has other poetical associations. Here came Coleridge in 1795, a young man with a young wife, living in poverty, poetry, and dreams. Perhaps his sojourn in Somersetshire constituted the happiest days of his life, for he had not yet learnt how hostile the world can be to genius, how indifferent to merit, how ungrateful to its benefactors; and how, while it raises monuments to the dead, it ignores the living.

When Coleridge died the world was proud to claim him, to honour and revere his name, to award him a place among the illustrious. But it was only in his little Rose Cottage at Clevedon and at Nether Stowey that he was truly happy and in comfort, for he saw the golden promise of the future: he saw the “distant Eden gleam,” knowing not (like the weary traveller in the desert craving a haven of rest) that the light was but that of the deceptive mirage which brings madness and despair. Mr. Hall Caine tells us of Coleridge’s home at Clevedon that it was “a pretty little place, one storey high, with a rose-tree peeping in at the chamber window. The parlour was whitewashed, but then the rent was

only five pounds a year.”* We owe to Coleridge’s residence in this summer-land many a bright and joyous poem which reflects the contentment and placidity of the poet’s mind.

There are the stanzas composed while climbing Brockley Coombe, the opening lines of the poem, “Fear in Solitude,” and some distinct references in that beautiful composition called “The Æolian Harp.” He spoke in after years with tender regret of the “pretty cot” where the tallest rose “peeped at the chamber window;” while the whole country was a constant delight to him with its

“Many steeped track magnificent
Of hilly fields and meadows, and the sea
With some fair barque, perhaps, whose sails light up
The slip of smooth clear blue betwixt two isles
Of purple shadow.”

Thus, had there been no Hallam, Clevedon would have been enchanted ground, but now it has become a shrine. The little river-side town, a summer haunt, possesses a sad attraction for the student of Tennyson. While Coleridge sang its charms, Tennyson has endued it with solemn interest. Here Arthur Hallam was born, here he was visited by his friend, here he was brought dead—

“The Danube to the Severn gave
The darken’d heart that beat no more;”

—here his tablet, bearing the tribute of a mourning but resigned father, “glimmers to the morn,” and was the constant vision of the man who loved him.

* James Dykes Campbell says: “The Cottage wanted papering, and a good many indispensable housekeeping articles had been forgotten.”

To the eyes of the reverent pilgrim all things are changed: their fairness is sad, and their sweetness breathes only of the lamentable, devastating past. Every hill and coppice, every sunlit vale, and every gliding stream, recall to memory as by conjuration the lost and long-past days when the two young poets, knit in the indissoluble bonds of friendship and affinity, wandered together in the promise of life, matured their schemes, and launched their hopes upon a wrecking sea. The one was foredoomed by fate, and the survivor remained to question the laws and their framer upon the justice of human destiny. Scarcely had Arthur Hallam advanced his first steps and made his merit known, than he was stricken down by "the spectre fear'd of man;" and the other, burdened with a sorrow knowing no surcease, was left alone on a desolate shore, crying that

"Every pulse of wind and wave
Recalls, in change of light and gloom,
My old affection of the tomb,
And my prime passion in the grave."

This is one story of human friendship that will never grow old, and will always be welcome as music in our ears. Self-interest, fierce rivalry, and bitter antagonisms are too common to permit of an instance of real, undying, unalloyed friendship losing its charm, and ceasing to be a theme for admiration. Tennyson was not a man of impulses, of random devotion, or even of many acquaintances, considering his circumstances and opportunities; but that one friend of his early years, Arthur Henry Hallam, drew out all the ardour and enthusiasm of his nature, and when lost remained

his most sacred remembrance. Of the poet's intensity of feeling we can judge by his almost passionate references to the "man I hold as half divine," an extremeness of expression in which the self-restrained Laureate seldom indulged. But inestimable and irreparable loss pardons such an utterance. It is the outburst of grief that cannot be controlled, that permeates existence with sadness, that whelms the after-joys of life.

The two men in youth were strongly drawn to each other, and wedded in community of thoughts and aims. The one died suddenly before the rich promise of his life could be fulfilled, and the survivor, living to reach the "snows of age," treasured his memory, fashioned for him a majestic mausoleum of verse, and drew sublime lessons of consolation and faith from the tragedy of his fate. "The essence of friendship," wrote Ralph Waldo Emerson, "is entireness ; a total magnanimity and trust. It must not surmise or provide for infirmity. It treats its object as a god, that it may deify both." It is not ideal friendship alone that submits to this test, nor do the friendships of Damon and Pythias, of David and Jonathan, and of Shakespeare for the unknown subject of his sonnets, alone exemplify the truth.

All the future looked bright and happy when, though weary and overworked by his studies of the law, Arthur Hallam and his father went abroad for rest in the autumn of 1833. He parted from his friends cheerfully, and anticipated an early reunion with those he loved. On the 15th of September Arthur Hallam was left alone in his room in a hotel at Vienna, while his father went for a short walk through the streets. Returning

home, Mr. Hallam sat down to write a few letters, and noticed that his son was apparently asleep on the sofa. By and by, as no sound or movement came from the sleeper, the anxious father bent over him, and was horrified to find that the sleep was that of death. A sudden rush of blood to the head had put an instantaneous end to Arthur Hallam's life at the age of twenty-two. The body was brought to England, and borne to Clevedon, laid in English earth that

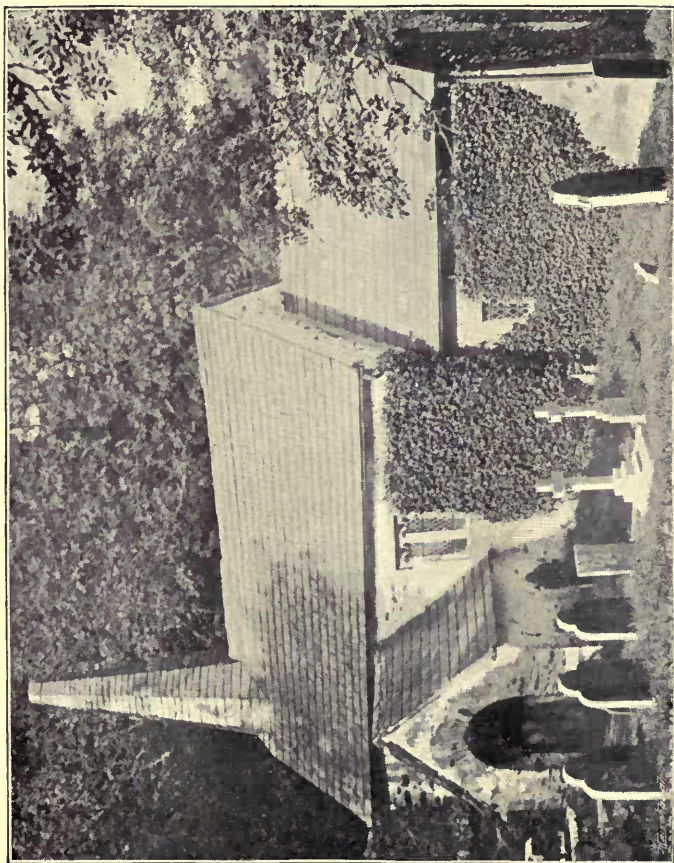
"From his ashes may be made,
The violet of his native land."

Twenty-two years make a short life in which to achieve a reputation, and we must not be surprised that the promise of Hallam's life exceeded the fulfilment. His "Remains" do not make a large volume. One or two essays—the best dealing critically and appreciatively with Tennyson's first volume of lyrics—and some forty poems comprise all that is worth preserving. It is the vast "what might have been" that impresses us most when we think of this rarely-endowed man to whom profound study was a mere pastime, to whom eloquence was natural, to whom the wonders of science and the deeps of philosophy were as an open scroll. The student of literature regards the little Somerset watering-place, where the sea breaks upon the cold grey stones, not as the pleasure resort that many have made it, but as a shrine towards which he reverently directs his pilgrim-steps.

Superstitions and Curious Events.

BY THE REV S. BURGESS AND E. H. RANN.

RESEARCH brings to light a great many curious and remarkable legends and historical trifles connected with Somersetshire. Each town seems to have its own set of peculiar traditions, and its half-mythical heroes, or else to have had strange and stirring experiences, which go to the making of the county chronicles. The churches have a conspicuous place in these records, and considering that the Parish Church at Yeovil was besieged, and that Taunton Church was a sort of rallying-place during the Monmouth rebellion, this fact is easily explained. The story of Glastonbury and Bath, with wealth of legendary lore, is told elsewhere ; but there are many little village churches scattered about the county, which, though unimportant now, can claim to have been noteworthy in the past. We may take, for example, Dunster—a fortress of the West Saxon kings—with its ancient priory, its castle, and its fifteenth-century church, built in the form of a cross ; or we may take Watchet, which boasts of having had a Christian church near the well of the patron saint, Decuman, since the year 400 ; or we may take Porlock, with its monuments dating back to the time of the first Richard, and its church dedicated to that most famous of early British saints, Dubricius ; or, finally, we may take Culbone, said to be the smallest church in England,



CULBONE CHURCH.

being only thirty-three feet long and twelve feet wide. This claim is disputed by the people of the Isle of Wight, but in any event Culbone Church is not to be overlooked. The village, which now contains only two cottages, was formerly one of the coves or hiding-places by the seashore, and a resort of smugglers—the sort of place which is more frequently found down the Devonshire and Cornish coast.

Somerset natives, with their relics, saints, and numerous legends and antiquities, are intensely superstitious, and the belief in the “evil eye” still lingers. Scarcely a village but has not one or more possessing this weird faculty. The writer was acquainted with two, whose power in this respect was remarkable, and greatly dreaded. Under its influence cattle died, ricks were burned, and children became crippled. Of the two, one, of course old and witch-like in appearance, came out of church one Sunday with her large Prayer-book tied up in a red pocket-handkerchief, and, in supposed punishment for her evil practices, as soon as she reached the porch of the church, her legs became crossed. She was carried home, but her limbs could never be uncrossed, even after she was dead. She was buried a few years back in this extraordinary and inexplicable position.

The most exhaustive work on “the evil-eye,” is that written by Mr. F. T. Elworthy. From this book we get some interesting particulars on the authority of one of the most learned in such matters as the county can boast. In considering the kind of animals suffering under the misfortune of being “overlooked,” he thinks the pig is the disfavoured one (perhaps because of the great

difficulty of giving medicine in porcine ailments). He quotes the common saying :—"there idn no drenchin' a pig when he's a-took bad ; there idn no cure vor'n but cold steel."

In Somerset, a hare crossing the path in front of the traveller is a sign of death. "But," says Mr. Elworthy, with caustic humour, "since the Ground Game Act this belief is likely to be soon forgotten." The legend that witches have the power of transforming themselves into hares is well known. This belief prevails in Somerset, but does not deter the sportsman or the poacher. A woman in the Mendip district had her pig "took bad," and naturally concluded that it had been "overlooked." As usual a white witch was applied to. In a note, Mr. Elworthy explains that the white witch was mostly a man, and even in his useful work, "The West Somerset Word Book," he does not recognise the fact of *white* in this case, as in Whit Sunday, having reference solely to the *wit*, or wisdom, or spirit, as the case may be. The "white" witch was sent for, and the following function was observed :—A sheep's heart was stuck full of pins and roasted before the fire. The people present then chanted the following incantation :—

"It is not this heart I wish to burn,
But the person's heart I wish to turn,
Wishing them neither rest nor peace,
Till they are dead and gone."

At intervals, in response to a request, "Put a little more salt on the fire, George," the son sprinkled the fire. After this had gone on far into the night, the usual "black cat" jumped out

from somewhere, and this was, of course, the fiend which had been exorcised.

It may not be generally known that an important trial for witchcraft took place in Somersetshire last century. The quaint record runs as follows:—
 “In the town of Beckington, by Froome in Somersetshire, liveth Mary Hill, a Maid of about eighteen years of Age, who having lived very much in neglect of her Duty to God, some time before Michealmas last past, was Twelve Months taken very ill, and, being seized with violent fits, began to Vomit up about two hundred crooked pins. This so Stupendous an Accident, drew a numerous Concource of People to her : To whom, when in her Fits she did constantly affirm, that she saw against the Wall of the Room wherein she lay, an old Woman, named Elizabeth Currier, who, thereupon, being Apprehended by a Warrant from a Justice of Peace, and Convicted by the Oaths of two Persons, was committed to the County Gaol. About a Fortnight after, she began to Vomit up Nails, Pieces of Nails, Pieces of Brass, Handles of Spoons, and so continued to do for a space of six Months and upwards. And in her fits she said there did appear to her an old Woman, named Margaret Coombes, and one Ann Moore ; who also by a Warrant from two Justices of the Peace, were Apprehended and brought to the Sessions, held at Brewton, for the County ; and, by the Bench, committed to the County Gaol. The former of These dyed as soon as she came into Prison, the other two were tryed at Taunton Assizes, by my Lord Chief Justice Holt, and from want of Evidence, were acquitted by the Jury.”

The family of Fitz-James, well known in Somerset, have as their badge a dolphin. Mr. Elworthy tells us that the dolphin was in Roman times a special charm against the evil eye, and that even Ulysses adopted it as his special charm! In Ilton Church, in Somerset, there is a figure of a horned lady—a powerful charm against all evils. We cannot but think Mr. Elworthy has stretched the point a little too far when he suggests that the Jewish phylactery was an undoubted amulet, and worn as a frontlet for protection against the evil eye. One more instance may be given of the firm belief in witchcraft in Somerset. In 1894 a poor woman had a series of misfortunes. She presumed she had been “overlooked,” and she went to interview a “wise man” at Wells. He of course told her that to avert the evil, much prayer, and ceremony, and some money (for current expenses) would be required. At the hour of midnight she and her husband had to sit in front of the fire and burn salt. For one hour no word was to be spoken. Then they uttered these very cheerful words:—

“This is not the thing I wish to burn
But Mrs. ——’s heart, of —— Somerset, to turn
Wishing thee neither to eat drink sleep nor rest
Until thou dost come to me and do my request,
Or else the wrath of God may fall on thee,
And cause thee to be consumed in a moment.
Amen.”

There are few who have not heard of St. Decuman’s, in Somerset, the parish now called Watchet, to which we have referred. St. Decuman is reported to have floated across from the Welsh coast on the back of an ox, or as some say

on a raft. Somehow or other most of our great saints came over by field or flood from the Welsh coast. Here, in the parish church, was buried "The Lady" with rings on her fingers. The nightly rover who had planned to get these rings exhumed her body, and in his haste found it necessary to cut off a finger. This aroused "The Lady" from her state of "coma," and she frightened away the robber. She lived for many years after. This can scarcely be put down as a legend, for it is vouched for as perfect truth by those whose word cannot well be impugned.

A very large number of what are called Somerset superstitions are common to all the counties in the British Isles, and still further abroad. The Evil Eye and its overlooking are instances of this. But two somewhat original county legends, not well known, but perfectly authentic, can be adduced. Francis Drake, who was born in Devonshire, married a Somerset lady. This, by the way, does not appear in any history of the great soldier and explorer, as far as we have been able to find. Be that as it may, Drake soon after the wedding went off on one of his long voyages. One of these being longer than his lady cared for resulted in her giving him up, and allying herself to the son of another great man of the county (whose name is not to be forthcoming). The point of the story is this. When Mrs. Drake (for her husband was not Sir Francis then) left her house with her new husband, a cannon ball fell between them and divided them. It then rolled into the house. It is there still! If it is put out it comes back again. In case of any death in the

family it rolls up and down. These facts are solemnly vouched for.

The last instance we give is connected with the mysterious virtue of toads. In some districts the toad has been kept in the houses of those who would pass as "wise women." In one parish, quite lately, a large number were kept in the sole sitting and sleeping room. One fact well known to many in Somerset is worth recording. If anyone is suffering from a mysterious complaint, the "King's Evil" especially, you take a live toad and rub it on the neck of the sufferer, until blood comes! Authorities differ as to whether the blood should come from the one or the other of the two poor sufferers. You then take the toad and sew it up in the jacket of the one afflicted, until the toad's skin is shrivelled. This curious superstition still lingers in Somerset, and the instance given above is one which occurred in the same family connected with the wonderful cannon ball and Sir Francis Drake.

Many other superstitions could be mentioned, notably one in regard to the magical method of curing internal ruptures, but we must pass on and conclude this medley chapter with a brief reference to the part which Somerset people took in one of the latter-day agitations. The angry spirit in which the Turnpike Acts were received in the rural districts of England was shared in the full intensity of its bitterness and strength by the peasantry of Somersetshire. To them the new laws meant oppression, a further reduction of their already scanty incomes, and an increase of difficulties in the transactions of trade. They refused to acknowledge any benefits that could arise from

turnpike road and tollgates, and not having the power to restore by moral means the old order to which they were attached, they had resource to the last refuge of discontent—a display of physical force. For a time mob law reigned triumphant in the western county. On the 24th of July, 1749, the turnpike gates near Bedminster, on the Ashton Road, were demolished, and the commissioners recognised the gravity of the offence to an extent that they offered a reward of £100, beside the King's pardon, to the discoverer of any person who had participated in the outrage.

The sturdy peasantry, however, were not to be cajoled by threats or bribes. Two months later, they gathered in strong force, some of them being disguised in women's clothes, and, headed by a big drum, proceeded to demolish the house and gates rebuilding on the Ashton road. The authorities promptly commenced once more to re-erect the gate, and called in the assistance of a body of seamen, who, "well arm'd with musquets, pistols, and cutlasses," stood guard over the workmen as they proceeded with their task. The peasantry waited patiently until the work had been completed, and then, for a third time, destroyed the obnoxious turnpike gates on the Ashton road, and also the Dundry turnpike. After these exploits, they proceeded to Bedminster, "headed by two chiefs on horseback, one with his face black'd, and the other, a young gentleman farmer at Nailsey, carried the standard, being a silk handkerchief on a long staff; the rest were on foot, arm'd with rusty swords, pitchforks, axes, guns, pistols, clubs, etc.; they call'd themselves *Jack a Lents*, hung the letters J. L. on their hats

and caps." At Bedminster, this motley gang, with their courage screwed to the sticking point by the sound of drums and hunting horns, attacked and destroyed the house of "one Mr. Durbin, tythingman of the hundred," who had previously arrested three of the malcontents.

After an unsuccessful attempt to release their brethren, they marched to the turnpike at Totterdown, on the Bath and Pensford roads, and in a short space of time levelled the house and two "centry boxes" to the ground. A fire was made of timber, yet before it was well ablaze, a body of commissioners, constables, and seamen appeared on the scene, and gave chase to the now fugitive rioters, many of whom were captured and taken to the neighbouring Bridewell. "These outrages in open day, against known laws of the land, with the various reports and threatenings of the country people, who gave out they were to be join'd by several thousands, in order to enter the city and rescue the three prisoners in Newgate, put a stop to all business in the fair and in the city, and occasion'd the shops to be shut up."

The agitators were joined shortly afterwards by a number of colliers, who assisted them to attack the turnpike gate at Stokes Cross. Signals and fire-bells clashed out a warning of the impending attack, so that the rioters met with a warm reception at the hands of the citizens, and were forced to flee. Many of the ringleaders were captured, and conveyed to gaol to await their trial. Yet it was not until the arrival of troops that peace and order were finally restored. "By the arrival of six troops of dragoon guards on the

fifth," saith an old chronicler, "we are secured from all insults of the country people, who immediately dispers'd, and posts and chains are again erected, and the tolls levy'd; but the turnpikes are fix'd nearer the city."

Cider Songs and Customs.

BY MRS. BURGESS.

“What soil the apple loves ; what care is due
To orchards, timeliest when to press the fruits,
Thy gift, *Pomona*, in *Miltonian* verse,
Adventrous I presume to sing ; of verse
Nor skilled, nor studious : But my native soil
Invites me, and the theme as yet unsung.”

(*Cyder : A Poem*, 1708).

FROM the dawn of creation to the present day the apple has taken a prominent place, the fruit of the “Forbidden Tree,” which Eve could not resist, thereby bringing sin and death into our fair world. By far the most valued of all our fruits and the most largely useful is the apple. It is the only fruit of our country except the pear which lasts almost throughout the whole year. No wonder that a high state of culture has brought it to such great perfection, as a table fruit, for cooking purposes, and last, though not least, for the making of cider—the staple drink of most of the Western Counties. In these counties the natural beauty is greatly enhanced by the large sloping orchards where the delicate pink blossoms make the country in the spring-time like one glorious garden, and in the autumn rich with red and golden apples. Then the air itself seems heavy with the scent of ripening fruit. It is not till later on that the faint smell of the over-ripe fruit assails the sense with its unpleasant odour, for the cider apples are gathered, or

allowed to fall, and left until November or even later. In huge piles they lie under the trees, like long red graves, until many of them become pulpy and rotten. They are then shovelled into carts and taken to the pounding house.

The making of cider is a process which would set a fastidious person against drinking it, though much has been done in late years to bring about what seems a cleaner method. The quality of the beverage depends chiefly on the following particulars, viz., 1. kind of fruit; 2. condition of the fruit when ground; 3. manner of grinding and pressing; 4. method of conducting the requisite fermentation and precautions to be taken against its excess. The characteristics of a good cider apple are a red skin, yellow and often tough and fibrous pulp; and astringency, dryness, and ripeness at the cider-making season. Mr. Knight, a famous English horticulturist, asserts that "when the rind and pulp are green, the cider will always be thin, weak, and colourless; and when these are deeply tinged with yellow, it will, however manufactured, or in whatever soil the fruit may have grown, almost always possess colour and either strength or richness." The fruit should be used when it has attained full maturity, and before it begins to decay. Each kind should be used separately, or at any rate only those that ripen at the same time should be used together. The apples should ripen on the tree, be gathered in dry weather, spread in an airy, and (if possible), a covered place for a time, to induce an evaporation of aqueous matter, which will increase the strength and flavour of the liquor, and be separated from the rotten fruit and

every kind of filth before they are ground. The apples should be reduced by the mill to a uniform mass, in which the rinds and seeds are scarcely discoverable, and the "pomace" (which is the substance of the apple that has been crushed by grinding) should be exposed to the air. Straw was formerly used to keep the cheese (or pomace) together, but haircloth is now mostly employed. For fine cider, Lavoisier recommends that the pomace be exposed for twenty-four hours to the air, being spread and turned once or twice. Then the expressed juice should be added to it, and it should be ground again. Fermentation commences and terminates at different periods according to the condition and quality of the fruit, and the state of the weather. When fit it is racked and fined.

A few words on the derivation of "Cider," taken chiefly from the Oxford Dictionary, may be considered interesting. In the late Latin, and the Greek and Hebrew, the words mean "strong or intoxicating drink of any kind." We find the following in Wiclif's Bible, O. T. and N. T. "Wyn and Sithir," "Wyn and Sydir." "He schel not drinke wyne ne sydir." A later meaning is "drink made of apple juice." Shoreham, A.D., 1315, "sithere and pereye." Trevisa, A.D., 1495, "Sidre cometh of frute." Foxe ("Book of Martyrs"),—"This ague he (King John), encreased by eating Peaches and drinking of new Ciser, or as we call it Sider." The compounds are curious: "Cyder-and" (Fielding, "Joseph Andrews,") means cyder mixed with spirits or some other ingredient, "Cider-brandy," "Cider-Wring," "Cider-Press," "Cider-Marc,"

refuse after pressing the apples; "Sydre-tree," pommier. The names of the implements used in cider making are the keeve, the press, pommery. The wringhouse is, in West Somerset, always "poun'ouse," i.e., poundhouse. The "pound" is the mill for grinding the apples. Cider was first made in England about 1284, and was then called wine. The Earl of Manchester, when Ambassador in France, used frequently to pass off cider for a delicious wine. It is a curious fact that there is no mention of cider in Shakespeare's works.

Among the precautions used to prevent excessive fermentation is *strumming*, which is fuming the cask with burning sulphur. In some counties a small quantity of water is considered to soften the cider, but this is not a practice in Devon or Somerset. Evelyn tells us that "New cider and all diluted and watered ciders are great enemies to the teeth, and cause violent pains in them, and rheums in the head!" If apples are made into cider immediately from the tree they yield a greater quantity of cider, but not of so good a quality as when they are kept for some weeks though they may contract a certain amount of rottenness, yet this will not harm them so long as the black-rotten ones are picked out before they are pounded. Indeed a convenient amount of rotten apples mixed with the sound, greatly assists the work of fermentation, and helps to clarify the cider.

In an interesting letter which we find in Houghton's Collection, 1681, p. 163, and which is headed—"An Experiment of the Ingenious Mr. John Worlidge for Improving and Fyning of

Syder," we read as follows:—"This Liquor, although excelling all other whatsoever that this Kingdom naturally affords, (as well for its Delicacy as its Plenty) hath been very much traduc'd and abus'd by the Carelessness and Ignorance of the Operators; either by the untimely gathering of the Fruit it is made of, the too hasty Working them up into Liquor, or the ill-management of it after it is in the Vessel. The Reputation this Drink has gain'd in two or three hot years, when Fruit has been very well Ripen'd, that almost every one could make good Cider for present drinking, it hath lost again in a cold, moist year (when there hath been a defect in the Ripening of the Fruit) for want of that Care and Skill that is required in such Operations, and that are necessary to be used, let the year prove Seasonable or Unseasonable, not that I pretend to an absolute Understanding of the right Ordering and Improving so curious a Liquor, but what hath occur'd in the ordinary method of making Cider, I will here Candidly impart." Then follows a disquisition upon the sort of apples to be used, (preference being given to the Red-Streak) and the mode of Fermentation and fining with a Syphon. He goes on to say:—"Therefore the Method that I have used, and that is here prescribed to purify Cider, without any manner of Addition whatsoever, but by Mechanic Operation only, in a short time, before its best parts are prey'd upon, or corrupted, doth so far meliorate this Drink that in five or six weeks time, you may have it of a rich and full Body (so that the Fruit were good), excellent bright Canary colour, without the least cloudiness in the last Glass, and

of so naturally sweet and delicate a taste, that you may keep it many years in a good Conservatory, without any fear of decay, having nothing in it to beget a new Fermentation, but of it self it will increase in strength and vertu that it may not undeservedly be stiled—the most transcendent Liquor this Nation affords.”

There is a great variety of apples used for cider. It is not often made of one kind only. Those which ripen at the same time are generally mixed together, though on this subject authorities differ. Philips in his quaint poem says :—

“But this I warn Thee and shall aways warn
No heterogeneous Mixtures use, as some
With watery Turneps have debas'd their wines.” *

The best kind of all grown in West Somerset is Kingston's Black-Apple, the Devon Red-strake, which has so often been the subject of song. Philips gives very high praise to this apple. He speaks of the “Musk's surpassing worth,” but says : “Yet let her to the Read-Streak yield that once Was of the *Sylvan* kind, unciviliz'd, Of no regard, till Scudamore's skilful hand Improved her, and by courtly discipline Taught her the savage nature to forget.”† Many of the orchards in Herefordshire were planted by Lord Scudamore, ambassador from Charles I. to France. “Cider for strength and a long-lasting drink is best made of the Fox-Whelp of the Forest of Deane, which comes not to be drunk till two or three years old.”‡ Two apples also highly valued are the Siberian-Bitter, and Ellis's Bitter-Sweet.

* Book 2, p. 57.

† “Cyder,” 1708, Book I, p. 31.

‡ “Sylvia,” J. Evelyn, F.R.S., 1670, p. 65.

Sir T. D. Acland, who is a great authority on cider-making, says it takes twenty-one bushels of apples to make a hogshead of cider. The Horticultural Society of London published in 1842 a catalogue which gave 897 distinct sort of apples—"all of which had been grown in the Society's garden, and all having some special recommend."

The Red-Streak in Hereford is quite the favourite apple. It seems that all others must bow to that—for Philips says :—

"Let every Tree in every Garden own
The Redstreak as supream ; whose pulpous Fruit
With Gold irradiate, and Vermilion shines—
Tempting, not fatal, as the Birth of that
Primæval interdicted Plant, that won
Fond Eve in hapless hour to taste and die."*

There is also a Devonshire Red-Streak, or Red-Strake as it is sometimes called, and in Dorset the Bitter-Scale, so there is a wide field of choice, and no doubt if more care and attention were paid to cider-making it would be more largely drunk in all counties.

In the "Report and Transactions of the Devonshire Association" we find this suggestion :

"In these times of agricultural depression it is well worth the while of farmers to pay more attention to apple-growing, not only for the improvement of their cyder, but, where they are near large towns, for the sale of their fruit. If it will pay the Americans and Australians to send apples to England, it will surely pay English growers to supply markets close at hand." Heale states† "that a single tree belonging to Mr.

* "Cyder," 1708, Book 1, p. 32.

† Bath and West of England Journal, 1559.

Pitts, of Powderham, near Exeter, produced thirty-six bushels of apples, making seven hogsheads of cider." A friend, himself a large maker of cider, remarks: "Seven hogsheads of cider from one tree! That story certainly comes from America, or is it that Heale had made a mistake? No doubt one tree may produce thirty-six bushels of apples, but that quantity would give less than two hogsheads of cider."

The best cider near Taunton has fetched £5 per hogshead. Formerly wages were paid partly in cider. Sir T. D. Acland strongly denounced this custom, and said, "the liquor refreshes him (the labourer), but wears him out, for common cider is not refreshing, but exciting, like spirit and water." Evelyn shows us something of the nature of cider here in a letter from John Newburgh:—"About seven years since I gave myself the experience of bitter-scale cider both crude and boiled. I called them both to account at twelve months' end. I then found the crude cider seemingly as good, if not better, than the boiled. But, having stopt up the boil'd, I took it to task again about ten months after. At which time, I found it so excessively strong, that five persons would hardly venture upon an ordinary glass full of it. My friends would hardly believe but I had heightened it with some of my chymical spirits. The truth is, I do not remember that I ever drank any liquor, on this side spirits, so highly strong and spirituous, but wanting pleasantness answerable to its strength."

On some few farms there are still the old stone grinding mills to be seen, notably on a farm in Worcestershire, which in many respects is so

primitive that it takes one back to Biblical days. The bailiff himself seems like one of the old patriarchs. In Philips's exhaustive poem on "Cyder" we find the following interesting passage :—

" Now prepare

Materials for thy mill, a sturdy post
Cylindric, to support the grinder's weight
 Excessive, capacious of the juicy hord,
 Nor must thou not be mindful of thy press
 Long e'er the Vintage ; but with timely care
 Shave the goats' shaggy beard, least thou too late,
 In vain should'st seek a strainer, to dispart
 The husky terrene dregs, from purer must.
 Be cautions next a proper steed to find,
 Whose Prime is past ; the vigorous horse disdains
 Such servile labours, or, if forced forgets
 His past achievements, and victorious palms.
 Blind *Bayard* rather, worn with work, and years,
 Shall roll th' unwieldy stone ; with sober pace
 He'll tread the circling path 'till dewy eve,
 From early day-spring, pleased to find his age
 Declining, not unuseful to his lord."

He also gives us a clever paraphrase of "In Vino Veritas" :—

"Fallacious Drink ! Ye honest men beware
 Nor trust its smoothness ; The third circling glass
 Suffices virtue : But may hypocrites
 (That slyly speak one thing, another think
 Hateful as Hell) pleas'd with the relish weak,
 Drink on unwarn'd, 'till by enchanting cups
 Infatuate, they their wily thoughts disclose,
 And thro' intemperance grow a while sincere."

There is a good specimen of west country dialect in the following characteristic verses on "Autumn," by G. P. R. Pulman :—

" All han's in archit busy be
 A-polling apples off th' tree,
 An' in th' wringhouse hard ta work
 The mill da grine, the press da quirk ;

The Varmer, Zmilin' Kine,
Da laff an joke an' help ez meyn
Ta mek the Deb'nshir wine,
A-thinkin' when wi' pipe an' jug,
He'll zit in ez chim'ly carner snug."

The "Griggling" custom is thus explained :—
"After the orchard is cleared the village boys collect in a posse, and with poles and bags go into the orchard and commence *griggling*."

The small apples are called griggles. These the farmers leave pretty abundantly on the trees, with an understanding that the urchins will have mercy on the boughs, which, if left entirely bare, would suffer. . . . If he requests it, which is often the case before they depart, the head boy stands before the house, and uncovered, he recites the well known fable in "The Universal Spelling Book," "A rude boy stealing apples." Then the hostess or her daughter brings a large jug of cider and a slice of bread and cheese, or two pence. Hone's Every Day Book, Vol. 2, 2nd edition, tells us that "Griggling was done in Herefordshire down to 1820, the date of the above. How much longer I do not know."

"Wassailing," or singing to the apple trees, is a custom observed only in West Somerset, and in some parts of Devon. It is celebrated on the 17th January, Old Twelfth-night Eve. Mr. W. Elton, who has written on the subject, says, "The origin of this custom, or why the above date has been chosen, I have been unable to discover, but of its antiquity there can be very little doubt, and it is pleasing to find that these old superstitions are still kept up in an age of scoffers and unbelievers, which cares for, and has belief in nothing but that which is quite *fin-de-*

siècle, and is ever ready to ridicule the pleasures and pursuits of its forefathers.

On the evening of the 17th January, the farm labourers, and others, visit the orchards for the purpose of carrying out this old function of "Wassailing." They form a circle round the largest tree, and sing their old world songs. The words are very quaint, and have probably been handed down orally from father to son for many generations. One of them begins thus :—

" It is our wassail round our town,
Cup it is white, and ale it is brown."

The word "wassail" is very old, being derived from the Saxon "wæs-hæl" (health be to you). The liquor is composed of apples, sugar, and ale. The word has entirely ceased to convey its original meaning to the peasant of the present day. It is not used now, and is only heard in connection with this curious custom of singing to the apple-trees. The last line of another verse, "And a little more cider will do us no harm," is a favourite refrain throughout the whole length of the song. When it is ended the leader of the party shouts at the top of his voice, "Hats full, caps full, three bushel bags full! hip-hip-hip-hurrah!" in which the whole company join heartily. Formerly it was the custom to bring round an old musket which was discharged at each hurrah, but this practice is now discontinued. Mr. W. Elton graphically describes the scene. "They form a curious and picturesque sight, these men in their rough working clothes on a bright and frosty night, with the moon shining down upon the bare and rugged branches of the apple trees and on their scarcely less rugged features, and

if perchance there be a few inches of snow on the ground the picture is perfect ; one forgets it is the end of the 19th century, and you fancy yourself assisting at a Druidical function of the dark ages." Then the company march up to the house—to the back door, and knock—they are admitted to the house, supplied with cider, and indulge in dancing. This brings the visit to a close, and they go off to the next farm after giving cheers for the family. It is firmly believed by the older people that if this custom were omitted there would be but a poor crop of apples, and if a man is unpopular his orchard is purposely avoided.

There is other folk-lore connected with the apple-tree. Here is one superstition.* "In the last week of July I was walking in a garden in the county of Rutland, when my companion directed my attention to an apple-tree on which were blossoms as well as fruit. She told me this was regarded in the immediate neighbourhood as a very bad omen, and betokened death to one of the family before next spring." "Some apple-trees," another writer says, "frequently produce a few flowers at about the time the fruit is ripe. There is one at Bottsford Moors, in this parish, on which I think I have seen one or two flowers for the last thirty years."

In Devonshire the custom of "Wassailing" is observed on the 5th of January, in much the same manner as in West Somerset, as we find from this extract from Hone. "This is the eve of Epiphany, or Twelfth-night eve. . . . In certain parts of Devonshire, the farmer, attended by his workmen, with a large pitcher of cider,

* *Notes and Queries*, 4th. S., vii., 322.

goes to the orchard this evening, and there, encircling one of the best bearing trees, they drink the following toast three times:—

“ Here’s to thee, old apple tree,
Hence thou may’st bud, and whence thou mayst blow !
And whence thou may’st bear apples enow !

Hats full ! caps full !
Bushel—bushel—sack’s full,
And my pockets full too !

Huzza ! ”

This done, they return to the house, the doors of which they are sure to find bolted by the females, who, be the weather what it may, are inexorable to all entreaties to open them till someone has guessed at what is on the spit, which is generally some nice little thing, difficult to hit on, and is the reward of him who first names it. The doors are then thrown open and the lucky clodpole receives the tit-bit as his recompense. Some are so superstitious as to believe that if they neglect this custom, the trees will bear no apples that year.” Brand speaks of it as “Apple-Howling,” and says it is a custom in Sussex, Devon, and elsewhere, on New Year’s Eve of wassailing the orchards. It is alluded to by Herrick (who was a Devonshire man) in his “Hesperides”:—

“Wassail the trees that they may beare
You, many a plum, and many a peare,
For more or less fruit they will bring
As you do give them wassailing.”

To the preceding particulars, which are related in the *Gentleman’s Magazine* for 1791, may be added that Brand, on the authority of a Cornishman, relates it as a custom with the Devonshire people to go after supper into the orchard with a

large milk pan full of cider, having roasted apples pressed into it. Out of this each person in company takes what is called a clayen cup, that is an earthenware cup full of liquor, and standing under each of the more fruitful apple trees, passing by those that are not good bearers, he addresses it in the following words :—

“Health to thee, good apple tree,
Well to bear, pocket-fulls, hat-fulls,
Peck-fulls, bushel bag-fulls.”

Then drinking up part of the contents, he throws the rest, with the fragments of the roasted apples, at the tree. At each cup the company set up a shout.

The sayings, customs, verses, and poems, relating to apples, and that “transcendent” drink, cider, are too numerous to do more than touch upon, but

“Where’er the British spread
Triumphant Banners, or their Fame has reach’d
Diffusive, to the utmost Bounds of this
Wide Universe, Silurian Cyder borne
Shall please all Tastes, and triumph o’er the Vine.”

The Lansdown Bagdad and its Caliph.

BY CUMING WALTERS.

EDGAR ALLEN POE might have had the author of "Vathek" in his mind when he discussed, and so superbly demonstrated, what a man of abundant riches and with the utmost luxury of taste could do with his wealth. He could make a Paradise for himself of enchanted gardens, and dwell in a palace of splendour; he could satisfy his poetical cravings in creating novel forms of beauty; he could "enwrap himself in an exquisite sense of the strange." The Domain of Arnheim as painted in resplendent colours by the poet's brush might well have served as model for the fantastic marvels of Fonthill. Such a nature as Beckford's could best have appreciated the nature of the idealistic Ellison, and, with his affluence, attempted to reproduce in reality that dream of intermingling tall and slender eastern trees, bosky shrubberies, lily-fringed lakes, meadows of violets, tulips, poppies, hyacinths, and tuberoses, long inter-tangled lines of silver streamlets, and, "upspringing confusedly from amid all, a mass of semi-Gothic, semi-Saracenic architecture, sustaining itself as if by miracle in mid air, glittering in the red sunlight with a hundred oriels, minarets, and pinnacles, and seeming the phantom handiwork conjointly of the sylphs, of the fairies, of the genii, and of the gnomes." This vision of impossible and

unapproachable beauty was brought nearest realisation by Beckford, a man of daring and unrestrained imagination, and the Edgar Allen Poe of England with his wild fantasies and his straining after oriental magnificence. His love of changeful luxury was an absorbing passion, and his thoughts dwelt upon the fairy glories of eastern hyperbole. The life he would have lived was that of another Arabian Nights' wonder and feasting, and fortune so far favoured him by birth to allow of his making the years of his manhood a veritable romance.

This eccentric genius, William Beckford, with the thoughts of another time and the feelings of another race, was a Wiltshire man by birth, his native place being Fonthill, but his associations with Somerset were sufficiently close and peculiar to justify his having a place in this volume. He was born in September, 1759, and eleven years later he succeeded to the immense wealth and possessions of his father who had made a vast fortune in the West Indies. With an income of £120,000 a year, and a lovely home, without real restraint, and with very little guidance, it is not surprising that he sought an extreme and bizarre means of recreation. Happily he was gifted with intellectual powers of a high order, and instead of plunging wildly into the excesses of the period he devoted himself intensely to literary studies. He easily mastered modern languages, and at eighteen published a shrewd and polished satire on artists and art-criticism. He then took to travel, and had the satisfaction of conversing with Voltaire in Paris.

After a Continental tour he returned, then

only twenty-four years old, and was elected as one of the parliamentary representatives of Wells. Political life, however, was not greatly to his taste. He made no mark in the House, and though, after a long interval, he returned to it as the representative of another constituency, he has left no record of words spoken or acts done as a legislator.

It was in 1781 that Beckford executed his famous *tour de force*, and, according to his own report (which has, however, been seriously questioned) wrote at a single sitting the extraordinary romance of "Vathek." His assurance on this point is most positive and circumstantial. "It took me," he said, "three days and two nights of hard labour. I never took off my clothes the whole time, and the severe application made me very ill." The feat, if it were really accomplished, was a marvel in itself; but it becomes the more amazing when we consider the sustained elegance and impressiveness of the composition, and remember that it was written in a foreign language, fluent and idiomatic French. The work was not published until six years had elapsed, and it created a sensation in literary circles which has not died out. Beckford had written the story of an effeminate monarch, controlled by an evil genius, and aspiring to the throne of the Pre-Adamite Sultans, in the irresistible style of the ancient masters of romance. The description of the Hall of Eblis not only displays his power as an artist, but serves to illustrate his conceptions of scenic beauty, marvel, and impressiveness.

The mighty plans he endeavoured to carry

out in his own domains can be the better understood when we turn to his pages and find what he has adumbrated there as the type of solemn magnificence. He relates how Vathek and his favourite Nouronihar descended into the mysterious region and found themselves "in a place, which, though roofed with a vaulted ceiling, was so spacious and lofty that at first they took it for an immeasurable plain. But their eyes at length growing familiar to the grandeur of the objects at hand, they extended their views to those at a distance, and discovered rows of columns and arcades, which gradually diminished till they terminated in a point, radiant as the sun when he darts his last beams athwart the ocean; the pavement, strewed over with gold-dust and saffron, exhaled so subtle an odour as almost overpowered them; they, however, went on, and observed an infinity of censers, in which ambergris and the wood of aloes were continually burning; between the several columns were placed tables, each spread with a profusion of viands, and wines of every species sparkling in vases of crystal. A throng of Genii and other fantastic spirits of each sex danced lasciviously in troops, at the sound of music which issued from beneath. In the midst of this immense hall a vast multitude was incessantly passing, who severally kept their right hands on their hearts, without once regarding anything around them; they had all the livid paleness of death: their eyes, deep sunk in their sockets, resembled those phosphoric meteors that glimmer by night in places of interment. Some stalked slowly on, absorbed in profound reverie; some shrieking

with agony, ran furiously about like tigers wounded with poisoned arrows; whilst others, grinding their teeth in a rage, foamed along, more frantic than the wildest maniac. They continued their way through the multitude; but, notwithstanding their confidence at first, they were not sufficiently composed to examine with attention the various perspectives of halls and of galleries that opened on the right hand and left, which were all illuminated by torches and braziers, whose flames rose in pyramids to the centre of the vault. At length they came to a place where long curtains, brocaded with crimson and gold, fell from all parts in striking confusion; here the choirs and dances were heard no longer, the light which glimmered came from afar. After some time Vathek and Nouronihar perceived a gleam brightening through the drapery, and entered a vast tabernacle carpeted with the skins of leopards; an infinity of elders with streaming beards, and Afrits in complete armour, had prostrated themselves before the ascent of a lofty eminence, on the top of which, upon a globe of fire, sat the formidable Eblis."

The awesomeness, the weirdness, the mystic charm of the scene indicate the author's craving after sublime effect, and a catastrophe in his life deepened his gloom, and left him free to carry his fantasies into his daily life.

In 1783 Beckford had married the beautiful daughter of the Earl of Aboyne; four years later she died, and the widower, distracted with grief, found in travel the only means of alleviating his anguish of mind. For nine years he wandered about, and his stay at Cintra is

celebrated by Byron's graphic verses in "Childe Harold."

"On sloping mounds, or in the vale beneath,
Are domes where whilome kings did make repair ;
But now the wild flowers round them only breathe ;
Yet ruined splendour still is lingering there.
And yonder towers the Prince's palace fair :
There thou too, Vathek ! England's wealthiest son,
Once form'd thy Paradise, as not aware
When wanton wealth her mightiest deeds hath done,
Meek Peace voluptuous lures was ever wont to shun.

Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan,
Beneath yon mountain's ever beauteous brow :
But now, as if a thing unblest by man,
Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou !
Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow
To halls deserted, portals gaping wide :
Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how
Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied ;
Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungentle tide !"

Byron's description was altogether exaggerated, for it has been ascertained that Beckford's "Paradise" was only a pseudo-Gothic villa. There is no doubt, however, that he lived in princely state at the place, and impressed the Portugese with his fabulous wealth. Byron was one of Beckford's most fervent admirers. He revelled in "Vathek," and in a note to one of his poems bore the following testimony to its influence upon him :—

"I do not know from what source the author of that singular volume may have drawn his materials ; some of his incidents are to be found in the 'Bibliothèque Orientale ;' but for correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination, it far surpasses all European imitations ; and bears such marks of originality,

that those who have visited the East will find some difficulty in believing it to be more than a translation. As an eastern tale, even Rasselas must bow before it; his 'Happy Valley' will not bear a comparison with the 'Hall of Eblis.'"

The gloomy and solitary man, on returning to England, ordered the sale of all his treasures at Fonthill; but no sooner had the numberless luxuries been dispersed than he began, on a still greater and more imperial scale, a new collection. Henceforth he was the slave of his caprices. He built another palatial residence at Fonthill, with a tower 278 feet in height, and stocked it with magnificent furniture, relics, curiosities, and books; in 1822, he sold estate, house, and contents, and moved to Bath. That city was then the resort of all the rich, witty, noble, and beautiful in English society; Beckford declined to mingle with them, or even to be seen. But he was planning another great scheme, another palace of art, not on such a scale as Fonthill Abbey, but one of much elegance, and suited for repose. It was in this "Lansdown Bagdad" that he was destined to end his days.

During his sojourn abroad, his ideas of Eastern luxury and sumptuousness had been further fostered and developed, and nothing would please him on returning, but to possess a palace like those described by Persian poets or Arab chroniclers—one that should be peerless in its majesty of style, in the number of its spacious chambers, and in the glory of its adornments. In order to prevent eye-witnesses of his design, he caused a lofty wall to be erected, six miles in length, and topped with a *chevaux de frise*. The

work of building the Abbey, we are told, was pushed on with feverish haste, and, as the vast scaffolding arose, and the towers and pinnacles were seen to emerge from the mass, the wildest rumours went abroad as to its extent. But, except to the workmen and others employed, no access was permitted; every entrance to the demesne was strictly guarded. The great central tower was nearly 300 feet high; several of its halls were of a corresponding size; it had dim cloisters, and a splendid oratory. The great gates were thirty-five feet high, and, as befitted such a lordly and surprising mansion, glided back on their hinges with the ease that marks the doors of enchanted castles and Eastern palaces. There was a vast acreage of stained glass in the building, figured, for the most part, with armorial designs. There the skilful herald might see emblazoned the record of Beckford's illustrious ancestry, for he claimed to be sprung from the Scotch dynasties, and he and his wife had taken great pains to establish their descent from all the barons who signed Magna Charta.

It was this building of Fonthill Abbey which was really the greatest enterprise of the extraordinary man's career. It was a nine days' wonder, but, like all miracles of perfection, it was destined to be disappointing. The conception was sublime, but the effect was confusing. Beckford's lordly pleasure-house was a thing to be as much scoffed at as admired. It was stupendous in its magnificence and its folly. The beauty of parts was marred by the glaring tastelessness of others, and the effect of the whole has been described as a "jumble of mean and confused

members." Here the morose and melancholy man lived the life of a recluse. Yet at times he made arrangements, in almost regal style, to receive with befitting ceremony a few favoured guests. No fewer than five hundred men were kept working night and day to prepare it for the reception of Lord Nelson and his friends. The fêtes on this occasion were perfectly characteristic of Beckford's peculiar tastes. The corridors and cloisters were lined by attendants in hooded gowns, bearing wax torches, the fires were of cedar wood, and the viands were served in colossal silver dishes. After dinner, Lady Hamilton entertained the guests by appearing as Agrippina, bearing the ashes of Germanicus in a golden urn.

But Beckford never had a full opportunity of enjoying his possession. Scarcely was Fonthill completed than he sickened of it, and a slight reverse in his fortunes, about the same time, intensified his desire to be rid of it. In a short time the mansion, the estate, the accumulated treasures, were offered for sale, and high society, loving a sensation, flocked to see a place to which dukes and even princes had been denied access, and a good sum was realised even by the sale of catalogues. The auction was heralded by a recital on the large organ, and so eager were people to possess something from Fonthill, that not so much as an ordinary spring blind sold for less than a guinea. Beckford resumed his travels, and for the next sixteen years was a bird of passage. He had still his whims and frenzies. Sometimes he devoted himself to study with fierce assiduity; then he took up writing again, and gave the world, after a forty-

seven years' silence, two volumes on his Continental wanderings.

We hear of various curious transactions on his part during this time. While at Lausanne, he heard that the historian Gibbon's fine library was for sale; he purchased it entire, read heavily, denied himself sleep, and then, wearied and dejected at the end of three days, made a present of his purchase to his physician. His last public work was the issue of a volume on the monasteries of Alcobaga and Batalha. This was in 1835, and from that date until 1844, he lived in solitary seclusion at his "Lansdown Bagdad." The excursion to the two richest and most ornate monasteries of Portugal had been made in 1794, and the notes had been taken at that time. "Flattering myself that perhaps they might not be totally unworthy of expansion," he wrote, "I invoked the powers of memory—and behold, up rose this series of recollections."

The attention is enchained by fascinating incidents and alluring pictures on every page. Beckford had made the twelve days' tour in princely style, and in princely style he had been received and entertained. It was a journey which exactly suited his taste, and yet the very excellence of it all at last wearied him. In one passage he confesses to satiety, and at the same time reveals his contempt for the modes of his own adopted city—"The saloon was cleared," he writes, "and a crowd of clarionet and guitar players, dressed in silk dominoes, like the serenaders in Italian burlettas, began an endless succession of the most tiresome minuets, ten times longer, and alas! *ten times less ridiculous than even the long minuet at Bath.*"

Throughout his entire life we see Beckford as imperious, as capricious, as full of vagaries, and as dissatisfied as the Caliphs, whose style of life he imitated. Whatever he undertook was done in the enthusiasm of passion, and he could brook no delay. The schemes, however complex and elaborate, must be carried into immediate execution at any cost, at any sacrifice. At Fonthill and at Lansdown he was just the same—recklessly extravagant, absurdly impatient, wilful and autocratic. He paid his workmen so highly and plied them with so much drink, that they obeyed his behests in a state of intoxication and gave little or no heed to the permanence of their constructions. The collapse of the imposing tower at Fonthill was due to this fact. It was thrice built—first of wood, to see the effect; then pulled down and put up again in the same form and covered with cement. The third time it was erected on the old foundations, and was made of brick and stone. The demoralised artisans gave no thought to security, and in a few years big cracks appeared and the central tower obviously deviated from the perpendicular. One man who saw the tower fall declared that the sight was “very beautiful”—“it first sank perpendicularly and slowly, and then burst and spread over the roofs of the adjoining wings on every side.” The cloud of dust which arose darkened the air for several minutes; but for this, the tower had come down so silently, crumbling into dust at its fall, that no one heard it. Only the cloud of floating dust told the residents of Fonthill Abbey of the ruin.

At Lansdown, Mr. Beckford to the end of his life was the same creature of violent impulses and

emotions. If he wished a new walk to be cut, he gave a peremptory order, and expected everything to be in a perfect state the following morning. His agents had the power to requisition as many workpeople as were required, and to keep them at the task day and night with the promise of abundant pay, food, and drink. His kindness was misplaced and had pitiable results. He demoralised honest men, and converted whole communities into drunkards and beggars. Seldom did he refuse charity, and his benefactions were on a large scale. Occasionally he distributed bank-notes among the poor, ordered hundreds of blankets to be given away, or procured all the waggons and carts available, filled them with coal, and allowed anyone to have a load for the asking. A suppliant was always certain to receive from the impetuous man either a guinea or a horse-whipping, but when he bestowed the latter he invariably made amends by a regal gift to the victim a few hours later.

At Fonthill and at Lansdown alike, he maintained solitary state during the greater part of each year, but he insisted on a retinue of servants attending him, and usually ordered dinner for twelve persons. When this banquet was served, he would taste a little of one dish, and send the rest away. He preferred to live in the smallest rooms of the house, and had a number of cube-like cells made with low ceilings. Such was the master of Fonthill Abbey, the Caliph of the "Lansdown Bagdad," the man of opulence, transcendent pomp, sensuous refinement, and decided through erratic genius. Bath has not been very careful of Beckford's memory. His

tower marks the summit of Lansdown Hill, and his residence serves as a cemetery chapel. The last time his name was brought into prominence was at the sale of the library in 1882-3, by order of his grandson, the twelfth Duke of Hamilton, when again society flocked to gaze upon the treasures which had been stored away by the least-understood man of the century. It was in keeping with all that had gone before, that even these proceedings should be far removed from the commonplace. The dispersal of the library occupied, in all, forty days, and the three periods of sale extended over eighteen months. Some idea of the original value of the treasures which Beckford had accumulated, may be gained from the fact that the auction realised £73,500. The final episode was a vindication, also, of Beckford's taste and his ripeness of judgment. Whether we consider him as the connoisseur, the bibliophile, the artist, the author, or the daring innovator, we must confess that he was an intellectual giant, and in confessing that, and remembering his environment and temptations, we may regard leniently his waywardness and folly.

The Learned Friar of Ilchester.

BY CUMING WALTERS.

IN one of those green and spacious valleys for which Somerset is noted, overshadowed by well-wooded hills and watered by lazy streams, may be seen the cluster of houses, the towered church, and the high market cross, which mark the present town of Ilchester. Where the history of this little town on the Yeo (or, as the river was formerly called, the Ivel), actually begins, is a problem which antiquaries cannot with any exactness solve. We know that it has several distinct periods, and several distinctive names; and it can be traced back as a settlement of the ancient Britons under the name of *Caer-pont-ivel-coed*, as the site of a Roman occupation when it was known as *Ischalis*, and subsequently as a Saxon stronghold called *Givelcestre*. By corruption this last name became *Ivelchester*, and subsequently *Ilchester*, and this fortified place in the woods must have played a conspicuous part in the early history of the region. Somerset witnessed the turning-point in many a grand struggle for supremacy. Briton and Saxon here fought out their destiny. The thundering legions of Rome kept both at bay for a time, and, entrenching themselves in Somerset, added a new and unexpected chapter to Britain's story. When they retired the fierce contest began anew between the rival native races, and ended in the Britons

being driven out of their last retreats, and their fortresses being captured by the victorious Saxons. Ilchester was influenced by each successive movement, and in turn fell under the dominion of the three races, becoming in the end a Saxon camp which ultimately grew to extensive proportions with a large population. The Romans had at once perceived the advantages of its situation, and just as it had been the principal seat of the Belgæ (that powerful tribe of warriors who swarmed over from the continent, drove the aborigines from the south districts, established themselves firmly in Kent, Sussex, and other counties, and for nearly a century were the most formidable disputants of the Cæsarean hosts), so in turn it became one of the chief stations of the Romans. Its importance was increased by the fact that it was situated on the Fosse Way, that monumental Roman work which connected the south Devonshire coast with Lincolnshire and the Humber estuary. Beginning at Moridunum, near Seaton, it next passed through Ilchester, and then went on to Bath. The Fosse Way, pointing towards Shepton Mallet, forms Ilchester's principal street to-day, and other parts of it can still be traced in the county. From Bath to Lincoln the ditch-like path is in a fairly complete state, and its course can be followed without much difficulty. Other relics of the Roman occupation of Ilchester have been discovered, a gold ring, set with a coin of the Emperor Severus, being one of the most noteworthy. Vestiges of their buildings also remain, and it has been ascertained that the station measured three hundred paces by two hundred, forming an oblong square, and that it

was surrounded by a massive wall and a deep ditch. Such facts are convincing as any chronicle could be of the importance anciently attached to the town which Ptolemy himself has mentioned. The Saxons are supposed to have reared a castle at Ilchester, but the tradition cannot be verified. All that we know for certain is that the town remained strong and became exceedingly populous, that at the Norman Conquest it is reputed to have had six Christian Churches, and that it was able to offer a successful resistance to the barons in the time of William Rufus. Its later history, though fairly eventful, does not much concern us; suffice it to say that, like most ancient places, its glory lies wholly in its past, and that now with only a little over five hundred inhabitants it has dwindled in importance, and offers no modern feature of real interest to the visitor. Ilchester has had its day and played its part: now comes its period of slumber.

In the time of King Edward I., a Black Friary was founded, and though it has long since vanished the site has been definitely ascertained. To this Friary one of Ilchester's boys was sent for his education, and the name of that young scholar was Roger Bacon. Of his youth we unfortunately know very little. He was born, it is believed, in the year 1214, and belonged to a family in good circumstances. A student's career seems to have been decided upon for him from the first, and as he was carefully instructed as a youth we may infer that his bent towards literature and science was discovered early. There is, however, no record of how far he was taken in his studies, and to what extent his faculties were developed by the

Ilchester friars. Possibly he learnt from them the merest rudiments, for we speedily hear of his being admitted to orders at Oxford and pursuing his studies there. His connection with his native place was apparently broken at this point and never renewed. But to have produced the learned Friar, the "Doctor admirabilis," is a proud claim, and it would be unjust to Ilchester to regard Roger Bacon as only belonging to it during the brief period of his boyhood.

Roger Bacon, the truest philosopher of the middle ages, as the historian Hallam has called him, was one of the martyrs to science. The son of a yeoman of considerable substance, he was himself set apart for the Church, and after a course of study among the Franciscans at Oxford he went to Paris. There he applied himself diligently to the acquisition of all the learning which the schoolmen of that highly-reputed centre could supply, and at the age of twenty-six he had won a doctor's degree. On returning to England he took counsel with his friend, the learned and honoured Grosteete, as to his future course, and owing to the influence of that excellent man he received an appointment as lecturer at Oxford. He performed his duties zealously, but heartily despised his audience. He found four stumbling-blocks to progress—authority, habit, vulgar appearances, and concealment of ignorance, combined with ostentation of learning. This was his own summary. In 1257, he joined the Grey Friars, having previously devoted twenty years to intense study and practical experiment, as well as spent a large sum of money in prosecuting scientific discovery. He speedily regretted the

inviolable vows he had taken. Not only were the brethren unsympathetic, but they themselves were given to idle speculations, and when Bacon with his usual vigour commenced to write, they seized his materials and put him on a diet of bread and water. He had a wholesome contempt for what passed as learning of the day, and complained bitterly that jurists received all rewards and benefices, "so that students of theology and philosophy have not wherewithal to live, to obtain books, or to explore and make trial of the secrets of science." He loudly lamented that there were so few good mathematicians, and that no lectures on optics were given at Oxford. For himself, he decided to avoid all ostentation while making himself the most learned man and the most practical scientist of his age. He was a master of the French, Latin, Arabic, Hebrew, and Greek languages, and wrote a grammar of the last-named tongue; chronology, geography, logic, theology, metaphysics, ethics, medicine, astronomy, astrology, alchemy, and optics were among the other subjects in which he made himself expert. His passion was for the positive in science, for verities as opposed to useless speculations. Observation and reason, experiment and demonstration,—these were the watchwords of the Ilchester Friar. Acuteness of view and shrewdness of deduction were combined with immense and magnificent industry. He worked with marvellous rapidity, and his literary masterpieces are said to have been written within fifteen months. He was engaged in searching after hidden truths, and he brought to bear upon the investigation all the powers of body and brain.

There were, he said, two methods, argument and experiment. "Argument closes and makes us close any doubtful matter, but does not assure nor remove the doubt, so that the soul may rest in the beholding of the truth unless it should get at that by the pathway of experience, since there are many who have arguments about knowable things, but because they have not experience, neglect those, and do not avoid the hurtful nor follow after the beneficial. If, indeed, any man who had never seen fire, had proved by sufficient arguments what things fire burns, injures, and and destroys, never, on account of this, can the mind of the hearer rest, nor would he avoid the fire before that he had laid his hand or some combustible article on the fire, in order that by experience he might prove what argument had taught ; but experience being assumed, the mind is assured of the combustion, and rests in the shining of the truth which not argument satisfies, but experience."

As long as Robert Grosteete was alive, Bacon found a supporter and a defender of his undertakings, and a sympathiser with his hostile criticisms of the monkish scholiasts. But in 1253 the powerful prelate and protector died, and the daring critic and innovator was exposed to the revenge of his confrères. He continued his operations valiantly, but henceforth the spectre of persecution was to haunt him. The charge levelled against the scientist was black magic, an offence to be visited with terrible penalties in those days. "Because," said Bacon, in his enlightened defence against the charge that he was possessed of the devil, "these things are

beyond your comprehension, you call them the works of the devil. Your theologians and canonists abhor them as the productions of magic, regarding them unworthy of a Christian." This boldness of vindication, this semi-defiant tone, this supercilious reference to the bigotry and ignorance of the canonists, added only to Bacon's danger. His arguments were ignored, and a terrible punishment awaited him for his presumption in knowing more than his contemporaries, and in carrying his investigations further than the priesthood could tolerate. That he did to some extent believe in magic and share a few of the superstitions of the times is of course indisputable; marvellous indeed would it have been had he perceived every defect in the thought and doctrine of his contemporaries. Tinged with mysticism, he yet proved himself superior to it, and boldly denounced the grosser absurdities which passed as dogmas among all classes. He was not awed into timidity or appalled by his own discoveries. Called upon to explain his work, he produced the magnificent "*Opus Majus*" for Pope Clement IV., and related what profound and perplex problems he had attempted to solve. Is matter infinite? Do bodies touch each other at one or many points? Are there one earth, sun and moon, or many? What is the cause of heat? He declared that mathematical science was the basis of astrology, medicine, geography, and optics. He prepared a treatise on perspective and on the multiplication of figures or appearances.

In regard to his supposed invention of spectacles, the telescope, and the microscope, we find him explaining clearly that "We can place transparent

bodies in such a form and position between our eyes and other objects that the rays shall be refracted and bent towards any place we please, so that we shall see the object near at hand, or at a distance, under any angle we please; and thus from an incredible distance we may read the smallest letters, and may number the smallest particles of sand, by reason of the greatness of the angle under which they appear." It is possible that he had only thought out the theory, and that the construction of a "glass perspective" was the work of others who followed his instructions. We are on less debatable ground when we hail him as the inventor of gunpowder. He certainly discovered a sort of detonating mixture resembling, if it was not really, gunpowder; for he describes not only its effects but its ingredients, though, after the manner of his time, he concealed the special point of his own discovery in an anagram which baffled ingenuity for some centuries. "This substance is composed," says he, "of lurv mope can ubre—*i.e.*, pulvere carbonum, or powder of charcoal, of saltpetre and of sulphur." It is one of those strange things which he mentions that "strike terror on the sight, so that the flashing of the clouds are beyond comparison less disturbing," which gives us an "imitation of thunder and lightning," and constitutes "a fire which will burn to any distance."

His knowledge of geography and chronology was very advanced, and he was able to give a lengthy and learned account of the inhabited world, the chief portions of which are drawn from the writings of preceding and contemporary travellers, including Marco Polo; and he suggested

to Clement, his patron, that very reform in the calendar which Pope Gregory XIII., three hundred years afterwards, did himself honour by adopting. Bacon's acquaintance with optics enabled him to explain, in some degree approximating to the canons of modern science, the phenomena of a rainbow, while his mechanical knowledge was such that Dr. Freind calls him "the miracle of his age and possessed, perhaps, of the greatest genius for mechanical science that has been known since the days of Archimedes." "These are very clear views," writes Dr. Draper, in his "Intellectual Development of Europe," "for an age which mistook the gases for ghosts."

But the great philosopher, with thoughts far beyond his times, was to incur nothing but odium and pain for his sublime discoveries. To the charge of dealing with devilish magic and practising forbidden arts, was added the equally serious charge of heresy, and after the death of Clement IV., Bacon was cited to appear before a council of the brethren of St. Francis to answer the accusations. He had lived, a threatened but hitherto unmolested man to the age of sixty-four, but the blow which now fell was paralysing. His grand defence was delivered to deaf ears, and appealed only to prejudices and wayward judgments. The innovator must be silenced at all costs, and his free thought punished as a crime. The judge was Jerome, of Ascoli, and by him the Ilchester Friar was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment. He lived in confinement and enforced idleness—the most agonising of penalties to such a man—for ten years, and was released only to die.

On his death bed he uttered the melancholy

words of a broken and despairing man, "I repent now that I have given myself so much trouble for the love of science." Immediately the news was known that the man of superhuman energy was dead, the monks placed his writings under lock and key, and there for three centuries they remained undisturbed and almost forgotten. In Elizabeth's time his fame was revived. The dramatist Greene made him the subject of a successful play in which he was represented as of learned and lordly mind—

"Thy countenance, as if science held her seat,
Between the circled arches of thy brow."

Friar Bacon, the master-experimentalist, the man of original research and mathematical demonstration has not had full justice done to him by his own countrymen. His fame is somewhat overshadowed by, as is his name confused with, the fame and name of the more imposing Bacon who followed in Elizabethan times. Another reason for his neglect and his lack of appreciation is to be found in the fact that none of his writings were re-issued for three centuries after his decease, while the "Opus Majus" was not published until 1733. His merits had not been overlooked in that long interval, nor the obligations under which he had laid scientists disregarded, but naturally his claims had not been so widely recognised that adequate acknowledgment could be rendered. In no small degree does Roger Bacon owe his fame to-day to the circumstance that he exemplifies the persecution of the learned in a dark and superstitious age. His ten years' imprisonment is remembered far more clearly than the names of his books, or even of his inventions.

Neither Ilchester nor any other town in Somerset has a memorial of Roger Bacon, the greatest man that the county has produced. At Wrington there is a memorial, in the shape of an urn, to Somerset's other philosopher, John Locke, who was born in that ancient market-town. The memorial was erected by Mrs. Montague, and presented to Mrs. Hannah More, who for many years lived at Basley Wood in the same parish. A monument to Bacon is worthy of consideration.

Queen Elizabeth's Godson.

BY EDWARD R. STRICKLAND.

AN illegitimate daughter of King Henry the Eighth's was married to a faithful and loyal courtier named John Harrington, and she brought him by way of dowry the church lands of Kelston. There the two resided for about a couple of years, when the lady unfortunately died in her youth. Harrington returned to court, and attached himself to the Lord High Admiral, Thomas Seymour, concerning whom so great a scandal arose in consequence of his treatment of the Princess Elizabeth, who was at that time a lonely girl imprisoned in the Tower by order of her sister. If any secret understanding existed between the elderly intriguing Admiral and the youthful Princess, Harrington must have been well aware of it, but he suffered imprisonment rather than betray his disreputable patron. The Princess doubtless appreciated his fidelity, and he reaped the reward of it in later years. He married a second time, his wife being Isabella Markham, one of the Lady Elizabeth's gentlewomen. When their son was born in 1561, the Queen, as she had then become, consented to be the infant's godmother, and Sir John Harrington owed to that auspicious fact much of his success in life, and the speedy forgiveness of such rashness and folly as he occasionally committed. As a youth Sir John quickly made a reputation

for wit, even at Elizabeth's brilliant court being distinguished. Mrs. Boger, the writer of that extremely interesting work entitled "Myths, Scenes, and Worthies of Somerset," relates in her chapter on Sir John Harrington (to which I must express my indebtedness for some of these facts), that once when he was dining at an inn in Bath with a company, of whom many were of higher rank than himself, a maid, who was waiting at table, paid him most elaborate attention, and when he asked her the reason, she answered:—"Oh, sir, I understand that you are a very witty man, and if I should displease you in anything I fear you would make an epigram of me" His wit chiefly went in the way of satire, in which he did not spare the Queen herself, and only her partiality for her godson preserved him from unpleasant consequences. His remarks, however, so stung some of the courtiers that he was compelled to leave London. He retired to his Somerset home, and while still very young, married. His father being dead, he determined to rebuild the family mansion. Kelston, or, as it was of yore called, Keliveston, stands on the Avon a little below Bath, and its round hill with an altitude of over 700 feet adds to its natural picturesqueness and charm. He employed the Italian architect Barozzi to undertake the important task of making the edifice the largest and most elegant in all Somersetshire, and with characteristic restlessness he expended upon it far more than he could afford. Nine years after his marriage he was visited by the Queen herself, and he again incurred heavy expense in providing for her a splendid entertainment. His lavish display had the inevitable sequel, and shortly

afterwards he was compelled to sell some of his estates in order to get rid of his accumulation of debts. It was just at this time that he commenced to devote himself to serious literary pursuits. He began by translating in none too seemly fashion the "*Orlando Furioso*" of Ariosto. This was succeeded by the "*Nugæ Antiquæ*," a clever, sprightly, and witty composition which has preserved his reputation for caustic epigram.

The restless man, however, was sighing for further activity and adventure. The campaign of the Earl of Essex in Ireland gave him the opportunity of showing his bravery in the field. But Essex, the Queen's favourite, was under a cloud, and his friends and supporters shared some of the royal displeasure. It was to the Earl that Harrington owed his knighthood, and this added to the Queen's resentment against him. "In good sooth," wrote Harrington, "I fear Her Majesty more than the rebel Tyrone, and wished I had never received my lord of Essex's honour of knighthood. She is quite disfavoured and unattired, and these troubles waste her much. She disregardeth every costly cover that cometh to the table, and taketh little but manchet and succory pottage. Every new message from the city disturbs, and she frowns on all her ladies. I had a sharp message from her, brought by my Lord Buckhurst, namely thus,—'Go, tell that witty fellow, my godson, to get home; it is no season to fool it here.' I liked this as little as she liked my knighthood, so took to my boots, and returned to my plough in bad weather. I must not say much, even by this trusty and sure messenger, but the many evil plots and designs have over-

come all her highness's sweet temper. . . .
I obtained a short audience at my first coming to court, when her highness told me 'if ill-counsel had brought me so far, she wished Heaven might mar the fortune which she had mended.' I made my peace on this point, and will not leave my poor castle of Kelstone for fear of finding a worse elsewhere, as others have done."

It will be seen from this passage that Harrington, despite his loyalty, held the Queen in some contempt, and this feeling was to become more pronounced as time went on. He did not spare her in his writings, and he was not above currying favour from her recognised successor before her own reign was ended. We have, in his records, a clear account of the state of the court and the state of the church during his time, for he took a strong personal interest in each. It was he who chronicled a very curious episode in the life of Bishop Godwyn. This man, already a widower, Bishop of Bath and Wells, and "aged and diseased, and lame of the gout," as Sir John Harrington puts on record, married as his second spouse a widow from London. It reached the Queen's ears that this wrinkled old man, with one foot in the grave, had wedded a girl of twenty; whereupon her Highness called him a "bigamist," and expressed the greatest indignation. The Earl of Bedford, who happened to be near, and knew the lady, said merrily, and with much dry humour: "Madam, I know not how much the woman is above twenty, but I know that a son of hers is a little under forty." But this rather marred than mended matters. One other bystander remarked: "*Majus peccatum habet.*"

Another, to the queen's amusement, told methodically of three sorts of marriage:—"First, that of God's making, when Adam and Eve, two young folks, were coupled; secondly, of man's making, when one is old and the other young, as St. Joseph's marriage; and thirdly, of the devil's making, when two old folks marry, not for comfort, but for covetousness, and such they said was Bishop Godwyn's."

Towerhead House is supposed to have been erected by this Bishop as a summer residence, about the year 1584. It was a substantial structure in the Elizabethan style, and was noted for the front porch, over which could be seen the Bishop's arms, impaling Bath and Wells, with the singular motto, "Godwyn—wyn God wyn all." The prelate resided chiefly at the palace at Wells in the winter, and at his mansion at Towerhead during the summer months. He had a raised causeway, about a mile in length, formed from his country residence to the church, for the more convenient attendance there of his family. So great was the offence taken by the Queen against the Bishop that she eventually compelled him to relinquish one of his livings, and thus did he secure his peace.

Harrington supplies us also with other curious facts concerning the habits of the ecclesiastics whom he met in Somerset. Here is one extract from his "Brief View of the Church of England":—"I was honourede at dinner with the Archbishoppe and several of the Churche pastors, where I did finde more corporeal than spiritual refreshmente; and though our ill state at cowrte maie, in some sorte, overcaste the countenance of

these apostolical messengers, yet were some of them well anointed with the oyl of gladnesse of Tuesdaie paste. Hereof thou shalt in sorte partake. My Lorde of Salisburie had seizen his tenantes corne and haye, with sundrie husbandrie matters, for matters of money due to his lordshippe's estate: hereat the aggrievede manne made suit to the bishoppe and requestede longer time and restitution of his goodes:—'Go, go (sai the bishoppe), I hear ill reporte of thie livinge, and thou canst not crave mercie; thou comeste not to Church service, and hast not received confirmation; I commande thee to attend my ordinance and be confirmed in thy faithe at Easter next cominge.' 'I crave your lordshippes forgiveness (quothe the manne), in goode soothe I durste not come there, for as youre lordshippe hath laine your hande on my goodes, I think it full meete to take care of my head!' Suche was part of our discourse at dinner. So . . . although the bishoppes hande was heavy, oure peasantes head was not weake, and his lordshippe saide he would forego his payment."

Mrs. Boger relates that Harrington has the credit of having had the principal hand in the restoration of the Abbey Church of Bath. It was in course of rebuilding in the time of Bishop Oliver King, but it was still unfinished when, at the dissolution, it was surrendered to the crown by Prior Holway, 1539. Stripped of its lead, glass, and iron, its shell only remained, the city refusing to buy it of the crown. At length, by one or two patriotic citizens, it was purchased and its restoration taken in hand; but only the choir and transepts were in a state to be used. In

1608, James Montague was appointed bishop, "and now," we read, "Sir John Harrington, with his religious feeling and his artistic tastes, saw an opportunity for getting something done towards finishing the work. Walking one day with the Bishop near the Abbey Church, and it chancing to rain, he proposed taking shelter among the ruins. He took him into an aisle which had been spoiled of its lead, and was nearly roofless. The Bishop remarked it did not shelter them from the rain. 'Doth it not, my lord? Then let me sue your bounty towards covering our poor church; for, if it keep us not safe from the waters above, how shall it ever save others from the fire beneath?'"

Sir John viewed with much concern the ruin which had been wrought at Bath by William Barlow, and he wrote the following sharp sentences on the deplorable event:—"I speak now only of the spoil made under this Bishop; scarce were five years past after Bath's ruins; but as fast went the axes and hammers to work at Wells. The goodly hall covered with lead (because the roof might seem too low for so large a room) was uncovered, and now this roof reaches to the sky. The Chapel of Our Lady late repaired by Stillington, a place of reverence and antiquity, was likewise defaced, and such was their thirst after lead (I would they had drunk it scalding) that they took the dead bodies of bishops out of their leaden coffins, and cast abroad the carcases scarce thoroughly putrified."

The result of Sir John's efforts was that, in 1609, the Abbey Church at Bath was once more made fit for worship. During his abode at Kelston he served as high sheriff, and in many

other ways showed his practical interest in the affairs of the county. He still engaged in literary work, and received a commission to write an account of the then-existing condition of the church for King James's eldest son, the lamented Prince Henry.

He devised a formidable set of rules for the good conduct of his house at Kelston and all within it, and if he insisted on their observance, either he had a model establishment, or he must have spent no inconsiderable portion of his time in imposing fines upon his servants. A definite penalty was to be inflicted for each offence, and thus we find among the twenty regulations such as the following :—"Item, that none swear any othe uppon paine for every othe, 1d."; "Item, that no man leave any doore open that he findeth shut, without there be cause, uppon paine for every time, 1d."; "Item, that no man appointed to waite at my table be absent at that meale without reasonable cause on paine of 1d."; "Item, that meate bee readie at 11, or before, at dinner, at 6, or before, and at supper, on paine of 6d."; "Item, that none toy with the maids, on paine of 4d."; "Item, that the hall be made cleane every day by 8 in the winter, and 7 in the sommer, on paine of him that should do it to forfeit 1d." Then there were severer requirements and heavier penalties—"Item, if any man breake a glasse, he shall answer the price thereof out of his wages, and if it be not known who breake it, the buttler shall pay for it, on paine of 12d." It was therefore much cheaper to "toy with the maids," or even to be absent altogether. Again—"That no man strike his fellow, on paine of loss of

service; nor revile, or threaten, or provoke another to strike, on paine of 12d." Sir John also settled the question of a servant's followers by a Draconian ordinance—"Item, that no man come to the kitchen without reasonable cause, on paine of 1d., and the cook likewise to forfeit 1d." But perhaps the cook only regarded this as one of her master's "*Nugæ Antiquæ*!"

The mansion by Barozzi was taken down in 1760, but the churchyard contains several memorials to the Harrington family, and Sir John's grave may still be seen. Courtier, soldier, and diplomatist as he was, his chief title to fame is, perhaps, as the author of that distich which has passed into familiar speech—

"Treason doth never prosper. What's the reason?
Because when it doth prosper, none dare call it treason."

The Island Sanctuaries.

BY CUMING WALTERS.

THE traveller in Somerset cannot but be struck with the frequency with which the inhabitants refer to the "Islands." To the antiquary this at once raises an extremely interesting question. He is reminded of the time when the sea made its way far inland, covered the low-lying country which now forms the fertile marshland, and entirely encircled the eminences. There is no exact record of how far the waters of the Bristol Channel extended, but that they reached as far as, and probably further than, the Tor at Glastonbury abundant evidence attests. The Isle of Avalon was the most important of all these sea-engirdled localities, but in the vicinity were the Isles of Athelney, Meare, Beckery, Muchelney, and others, which, on account of their isolated positions, did excellent service as refuges and retreats in the warlike bygone days. It is not a little surprising to recall the fact that these tiny islets played an important part in the early history, not only of the county of Somerset, but of all England. They were resorted to by famous men who found the seclusion and the comparative safety they afforded of considerable service during the uncertain times of their enterprises. Moreover, as Somerset was easily invaded by sea—as the Romans and Danes soon discovered—the "islands" were the natural shelters of which the

attacked races could avail themselves. It was, therefore, to these spots that they were led by their chiefs; it was these spots which were fortified; and it was to these spots ultimately that a superstitious reverence attached. We find them to-day associated with the names of great leaders both in war and in religion. They were early settlements and strongholds. They saw the building of the first churches and convents. Legends of holy men and saints cling to them. They preserve curious laws and customs dating back to times of antiquity, and the inhabitants may even be found maintaining certain rights and privileges and a semi-independence.

The marshes of Somerset were described last century as a discredit to the county. They had remained unimproved, and were declared to be "equally noisome and noxious, prejudicial alike to health and industry, yielding small and precarious advantages to their possessors, interrupting the free intercourse between the better parts of the county, injuring trade, and producing few or no emoluments to balance these apparent and real inconveniences." This is a heavy indictment, and in many respects it was true. The draining of the fens and the redemption of the land, have not, however, been neglected in any period, and the labour has been well repaid by the results. Nature has aided man in the work, for the retreat of the sea on the west coast has removed the initial difficulty of rescuing the land. The old sea-walls, erected to keep back the rush of heavy tides, are now useless, and no fear need be entertained that any of the improvements effected will be destroyed and wasted by an overflow.

The rivers which were most subject to floods are now small and insignificant, and with these many changes the real "islands" of yore are now only "islands" in name.

The first we hear of the Somerset isles is when the early British tribes took refuge in them from the Roman invaders. Subsequently they played a great part in the history of the country as religious centres. There was even a legend that Saint Paul himself had reached these retreats, and that his feet had touched this ground. That idea has long been abandoned, but the Somerset "islands" were the abode of early saints, and they have, too, no uncertain connection with famous royal personages.

The Britons converted the Somerset isles into strongholds, and were with difficulty dislodged. The use they made of Glastonbury, and the regard in which they held that "blessed isle," we have already seen.* Among the earliest records we have of it is as the possession of King Arviragus, the father of the Cymbeline of Shakespeare's drama. The early Britons are reputed to have erected the first sea-wall, and as a pre-Roman road can be traced passing through the island, it must be assumed that such a protection was afforded it, for the land is below the high-water mark. On the side open to attack an earthwork was raised, the remains of which are known as Ponter's Vall. The road led to a British camp on Brent Knoll; another, known as the Old Wells Way, is believed to have been a most important Roman passage. Where it crossed the river Brue, a local antiquary records, it has been laid open, and

* *Vide* chapter on "Legends of Glastonbury," pp. 44-63.

exhibited "a road resting on the peat, supported by upright poles, then covered by a coating of brushwood, and on this was laid a thick coating of stones, while many heavy oak timbers were used in the part examined, which may, indeed, have been the head of the true Roman Pons Periculous." Still more interesting is the Abbot's Way. The county owes much to the foresight and energy of its ecclesiastics. One of them ran a causeway of stone and gravel over eight miles of the morass, extending from Somerton to Bridgewater. It bears the eponymous name of Graylocke's Fosse. Another raised the sluice which defended Avalon from the sea. The Abbot's Way is a comparatively recent discovery. A farmer, in 1824, was cutting a sluice, when he came across the slabs and wedges which denoted the remains of the road which had been known to tradition. Mr. G. W. Wright, of the Glastonbury Antiquarian Society, relates that the slabs measured four feet nine inches in length, six to nine inches in width, two to four inches in thickness, and were laid with the smoothest surfaces uppermost. They were held down by two lines of stringers of small, whole timber, one-and-a-quarter inches to two inches in diameter, and six feet six inches to four feet apart, laid end to end with flat joints, and kept in place by pegs of the same diameter, twenty to twenty-two inches in length, with flat heads, and rudely pointed at the lower end as with a blunt axe. These were driven into the peat about three feet from each other, at the outside of the stringers, which were probably attached to them by means of withes, as no trace of nail-hole or pin was found to be visible. This remarkable road varied in

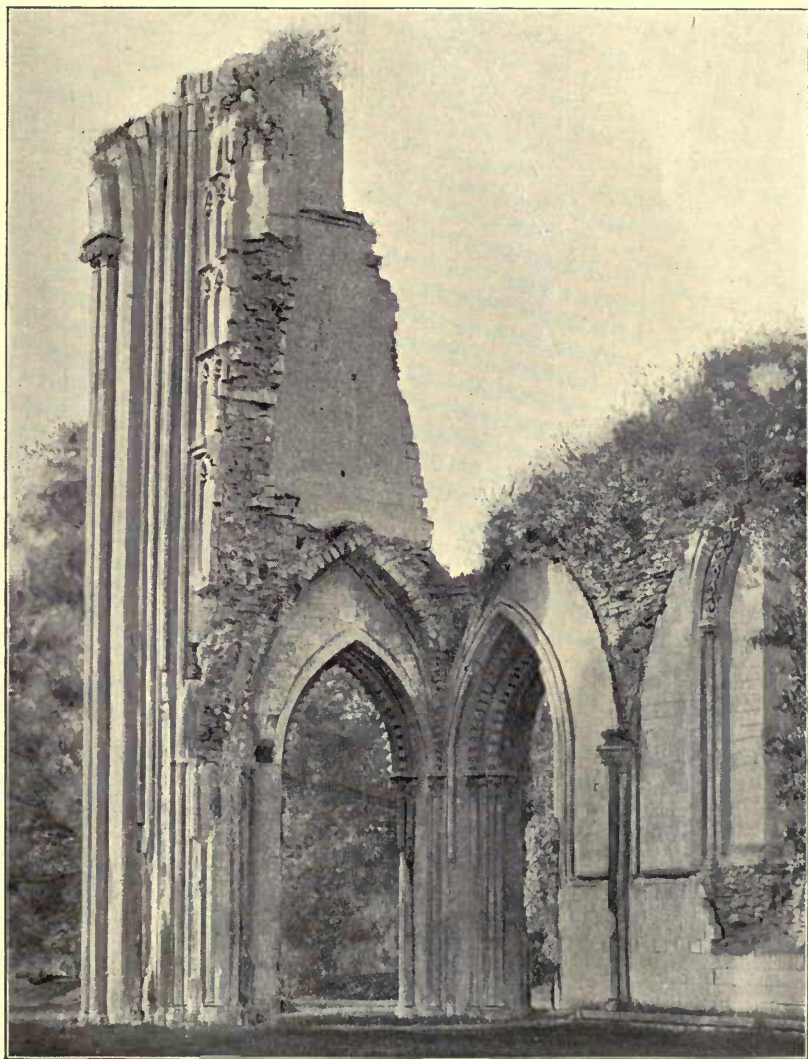
width from three feet ten inches to four feet four inches. "Were we able," remarks Mr. Wright, "to calculate by any settled law the rate at which the turf grew, and by adding to the time it took to grow below the road, the time since drainage has been used, we might approach its probable age." From Leland's Itinerary, we learn that the monks had done their best with the lands, for at the Dissolution they were reported to be well let, thoroughly improved, and the parks, woods, and fish ponds in regular order. In the time of King James I., a scheme was formed for draining the whole of the midland moors, but it was not executed. Royal commissions were also granted having the same purpose in view.

Glastonbury Island enjoyed a measure of self-government. The most famous of its Abbots, Richard Beere, built the Court House of Twelve Hides, now known as the Tribunal, where petty cases were tried. The Abbots became masters of the place, and were noted for their strictness of discipline. To one of the number Glastonbury owed its Church of St. Michael on Tor Hill, where by royal charter the inhabitants were permitted to hold an annual fair, lasting five days, and terminating on St. Michael's Day. In 1275, this commanding structure was overthrown by an earthquake. Dunstan, the greatest of the Benedictines, not only ruled Glastonbury, but ruled the King. From the Abbey in the Isle of Avalon went forth orders which shook the whole realm. Edmund, Edgar, Edwy and Ethelred were little more than puppets in the powerful prelate's hands. It was in Glastonbury again, that, a century later, the haughty Canute confirmed every gift and

privelege which his English predecessors, from the time of King Ine, had granted to the Abbey. Kneeling by the tomb of Edmund Ironsides, he made his solemn vows in the presence of the monks.

Dunstan made the Abbey of his native place—for he is said to have been born at Glastonbury—the strictest monastic establishment in the kingdom. He himself set the example of asceticism, and insisted that the monks should abandon all luxury, all pleasure, all recreation, and devote themselves exclusively to prayers, flagellations, pious works, and meditations.

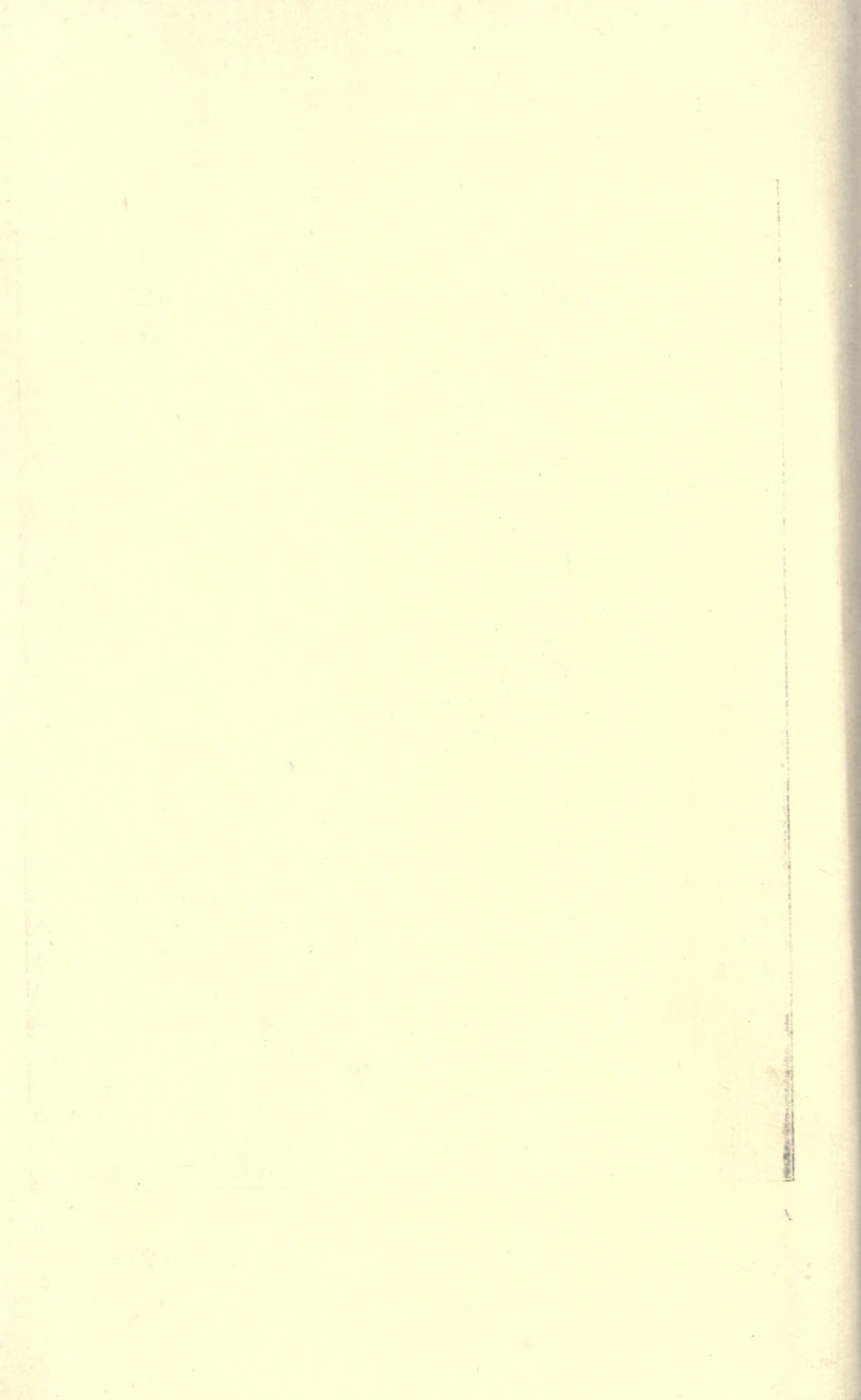
The strictness of the discipline in Glastonbury Abbey can be estimated from the fact that the following rules were followed day by day for nearly ten centuries:—At 2 a.m. the matin-bell tolled, and the monks arose, performed their private devotions, and hastened to church. Fifteen psalms were then sung, then came the nocturn and more psalms. After a short interval, lauds followed, and lasted until 6 a.m. The bell then rang for prime, and the monks read until 7 a.m., at which hour they retired and put on their day-clothes. Ablutions having been performed, and slight refreshment taken, the monks were ready again at 9 a.m., when the bell rang for tierce. Then came morning mass, after which they marched in procession to the chapter-house for business and the correction of faults. Work and reading followed, and lasted until mid-day. Then they dined, and were at liberty to sleep one hour afterwards. Nones commenced at 3 p.m., first vespers at 4 p.m., and then three hours' work or reading was to be performed. Second vespers



From a Photograph by G. Shaw, Esq.]

[Hull.

RUINS OF CHOIR AT JUNCTION TRANSEPT CHURCH OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL,
GLASTONBURY ABBEY.



commenced at 7 p.m., followed by reading; the service of complin, confession, and evening prayers filled up the time until 9 p.m., when they were all forced to retire.

Dunstan was the miracle-worker also while at Glastonbury. Not only did he have his famous contest with the Devil, in a shape of a beautiful woman, while working at his forge, but at another time he exhibited his powers by making a crucifix speak in his favour. His opponents must have dreaded argument with him, for on one occasion during a wordy debate he caused the floor of the room to fall, all his opponents being injured in the accident and all his supporters remained unharmed. Thus he "crushed" opposition in a double sense. But apart from these more or less fabulous incidents, there is no doubt as to the greatness of his work and influence. His life was a perpetual combat, and it was destined that he, who had been a fighting priest all his life, should be a cause of strife after his death. His bones were considered sacred, and there was a keen contest as to the possession of them. After the great fire of Glastonbury in 1184, a fire which destroyed a great part of the building and caused the greatest consternation,* the treasured remains of the Abbot disappeared, or, at all events, their burying-place could not be traced. Canterbury set up a claim to possess the relics, and drew a

* Adam of Domerham's version of this disaster is—"The beautiful buildings lately erected by Henry of Blois, and the church, a place so venerated by all and the shelters of so many saints, are reduced to ashes. What groans, what tears, what pains arose as the monks saw what had happened, and pondered over the loss they had suffered. The confusion into which their relics were thrown, not only in gold and silver, but in stuffs and silks, in books, and the rest of the ornaments of the church, must even provoke to tears those who far away do but hear of these things."

large number of pilgrims to that shrine in consequence ; but the Glastonbury monks disputed the claim entirely, and used strong language in their correspondence with the rivals. An old monk named John Canan at length settled the controversy by declaring that the hiding-place was known to him. Search was made at the spot he indicated, near the door where the holy water was sprinkled, and there was found a stone, and under the stone a wooden chest plated with iron. In the chest were bones, and among the bones a curious ring, a crown, and the inscription "sanctus" beneath them. These were considered ample proofs that the veritable relics had been discovered, and they were reverently placed in a shrine covered with gold and silver. But the Canterbury monks refused to be convinced, and for five centuries the quarrel raged, the priests hurling anathemas at each other, and one of the Archbishops of Canterbury actually threatening to excommunicate the Glastonbury brethren.

After Dunstan's time came troublous periods, though the Abbey maintained its pre-eminence, and was the most famous of shrines. At the time of the Conquest the Abbot Turstin was the cause of one of the most discreditable episodes in the history of the Abbey. He was a foreigner, a Norman, and his appointment was regarded as a scandal. He showed his contempt for his English brethren by forbidding the singing of the Gregorian chant. The monks rebelled. Turstin hired a number of French soldiers who rushed with drawn swords and their bows and arrows into the Abbey itself and slew two of the opponents and wounded a large number of others.

The monks fought their assailants with the massive candlesticks and the wooden benches. The soldiers shot their arrows in the Rood above the altar, and the place ran with blood. For this atrocity Turstin was banished, and he died an outcast in abject misery.

The last days of Glastonbury were days of darkness, terror, and disgrace. Wolsey had appointed the saintly Richard Whiting to the Abbacy. He ruled wisely, and was revered by the monks and the people. But he was the richest of all the English Abbots, with an income of £30,000 a year, and therefore in the eyes of King Henry and Thomas Cromwell he was the least deserving of mercy. Cromwell gave peremptory orders for his removal to London, but it needed much searching to prove him guilty of any offence or deserving of any penalty. Cromwell's myrmidons sought to read treason into his correspondence, and failing that, they decided to accuse him of theft. Never was trumped-up charge more unscrupulous. The theft alleged against him was that of his own property! Their report to their master ran:—"We have found in money £300 and above," and "we have found a fair chalice of gold, and divers other parcels of plate, which the Abbot had hid secretly from all such commissioners as have been there in times past; and as yet he knoweth not that we have found the same." More suggestive still was their assertion:—"We assure your lordship it is the goodliest house of that sort that ever we have seen. We would that your lordship would judge it a house mete for the king's majestie, and no man else." After further

investigations the men were able to add, "We have dayly founde and tryde oute bothe money and plate, hyde and muryde up in wallis, vaultis, and other secrete placis, as well by the Abbot as by others of the convent, and also convaide to diverse places in the cuntrye; and in case we should here tarry this fortnight, we do suppose dayly to increase in plate and other goods, by false knaves convaide." Their further report upon the Abbey was enough to tempt Cromwell to crime,—“It is great, goodly, and princely, such as they never had seen the like, with four parks adjoining, the furthestmost of them but four miles from the house; a great mere [at Meare] five miles in compass, well replenished with pike, bream, perch, roach; four fair manors, the furthestmost being but three miles distant.” The end of it was that the monks were scattered and the servants discharged, and to Cromwell’s lasting disgrace an order was sent down not only for the trial of the Abbot, but for his execution also. As to the nature of such a trial, when the end was pre-ordained, we need say nothing. The sentence was death, an ignominious death, and an immediate death. There was no mercy for the man who ruled over the richest Abbey in the kingdom.

On November 15, 1539, a fearful and ghastly tragedy was enacted. The aged and sickly man, whose many years and white hairs could not plead for him, was roughly dragged up the steep Tor Hill to the square tower, and there pitilessly hanged. Nor did vengeance remain satisfied with this. His head was set upon the Abbey Gate, and his body, quartered, was distributed

through Somerset. So ended the history of Glastonbury Abbey. The most ancient and magnificent of sacred places was left to be despoiled. The tombs of King Edmund, King Edgar, King Edmund Ironside were overthrown. The roofs fell, the walls crumbled, the floors sank, the stately columns were cast down, and Glastonbury became the splendid yet pitiful ruin that it is to-day.

The river Brue, upon which Glastonbury stands, and which, after a course of thirty miles, empties itself into Bridgewater Bay, passes near the quondam island of Meare. There is no doubt whatever as to this ancient village having been formerly surrounded entirely by water, and until the year 1808 it was approached only by a bridle-path. The Abbots from Glastonbury invariably were rowed across to their retreat, which was used principally by them for rest and the recreation of fishing. At Meare Pool was a wharf, where their boats were moored, and near by was the Fish House. The Abbots had obtained possession of Meare by gift from Kerelwach, one of the West Saxon rulers, and in the fourteenth century Adam de Sodbury built the Manor House on a scale of considerable grandeur. The remains still attest the richness and luxury of the residence. We again meet with the name of the famous Abbot Beere in connection with Meare and the Manor House, for he took part in the rebuilding and alteration of that dwelling. Its most notable feature is a spacious hall, sixty feet long, while the windows at each end serve to remind one of the time when glass was extremely dear, and therefore rare, for the window-frames are so made that they

can be removed from one house to another. The large and well-stocked fishing-pool exists no longer. It was drained many years ago. Sad it is to know that the Pool was a ceaseless cause of dispute between the rival ecclesiastics of Glastonbury and Wells, whose jealousies even manifested themselves in these comparatively trivial matters. Indeed, they lost no chance of bickering. They quarrelled over the affairs of the Church, over various appointments, over the right of taking fuel from the moors, and over the privilege of angling in the waters. One Bishop of Wells, Giso by name, had demanded jurisdiction over Athelney and Muchelney, the two little "islands" which also possessed monasteries. Glastonbury keenly disputed and resented this claim, and the hostility thus fomented was never appeased. The Bishop of Wells was censured for his arrogance, and the humiliation was never forgiven by his partisans. The first conflict had occurred during the time of the Abbot Turstin, early in the eleventh century, and two centuries later, it broke out all the more fiercely. Open war occurred between the Bishop and the Abbot—both of them militant—and at the head of their forces the two fought a pitched battle, in which the Bishop was defeated again. One of the very points in dispute was the right of fishing at Meare, the Dean of Wells having taken possession of the Pool for a brief period. Michael of Ambresbury, who had been appointed Abbot, compelled him to retire, and then took up his residence in Meare permanently. Long law-suits followed the appeal to arms, and they ended in the Abbot resigning two Manors to the Bishop, but Meare Pool was

preserved for the exclusive use of the monks as before. The tenacity with which the Abbey clung to the fishing rights is very remarkable. The Fish House at Meare was the residence of one of their officials, and was built by Adam de Sodbury in 1335, that famous improver who had placed pictures in the Abbey, vaulted the nave, invented a clock, cast a peal of bells, and taken his share in the making of an organ—all to be used for the glory of his beloved Church.

Next in importance to Glastonbury and Meare comes the still smaller "island" of Athelney, in Lyng parish. King Alfred founded a Benedictine Monastery in Athelney, where, it is said, "there was little more than two acres of firm ground in the midst of impassable marshes, occasioned by the overflowing of the rivers Parrett and Tone." His act was not so much due to the victories he obtained over the Danes, as to a miraculous visit which was paid to him, and in consequence of which he achieved those victories. With the cake-burning exploit every schoolboy is familiar, but not so well-known is the legend of Alfred's supernatural aid from a stranger whom he befriended. At the end of three years of strife and weariness against his enemies, he was sitting despairingly in his hut at Athelney, when a poor man came to him and asked for a morsel to eat. Alfred found that he had but a single loaf and a little wine in his store, but these he freely gave to the unknown suppliant. The pilgrim left these things untouched and mysteriously vanished, nor could it be guessed how he had forded the waters to reach the island. No one had seen him come, and no one saw him depart. That night Alfred's

followers, who had been fishing, came back with laden boats, crying—"We have caught more to-day than in all the three years of our tarrying in this island." And when the king lay in his bed, full of disturbed thoughts as to the contest with the Danes, his room was suddenly illumined, a priestly figure approached, and a voice said:—"Rejoice, Alfred, for I am he to whom thou didst give alms." It was Saint Cuthbert, who blessed the forlorn king, and prophecied that triumph would speedily crown his efforts. He was to blow his horn thrice, and five hundred dauntless warriors would rush to his side to win the whole land for him. So did it come to pass, and the lonely and despairing man of Athelney became the greatest of the Saxon kings.

Athelney is a small hill, only about a hundred acres in extent, but every acre is thick with the seeds of history or legend. The name means "royal island," or "island of nobles." An ancient record runs:—"This Island, from the King's taking Shelter therein, with the few Saxon Lords who had the Courage and Loyalty to adhere to their Sovereign in his Distress, received the Name of *Æthelingagge*, that is, *Nobilium Insula*." It was regarded with peculiar feelings of veneration, and the erection of the Abbey made it doubly a shrine for pilgrims. Saint Cuthbert, the "soldier of Christ," to whose relics King Alfred had done special honour, and whose uncorrupt corpse was carried about by the Saxons for seven years lest the Danes should obtain possession of it, exercised a strong influence over this district. Although a saint of the North, he is supposed to have been taken to West Britain when a child. A people

so impressed were, as might be expected, ready to yield all manner of privileges to their priests. The Abbot at Athelney was a spiritual lord, although he was not permitted to sit in Parliament. Practically, he exercised supreme control over the little island, and in addition took an important part in the affairs of the nation. This was largely due to King Alfred's association with the place, and it is worth noting that in consequence of that monarch's sojourn in Athelney, he retained a very strong personal interest in the affairs of the West Country. To his friend and biographer, Asser the Monk, who read to him continuously for eight months, and could not get leave to depart, he gave the monasteries of Ambresbury and Banwell, "with all the things that were in them" (wrote the recipient), "and a silken pall of great value, and a load for a strong man of incense, adding these words—'that he did not give me these trifling presents because he was unwilling to give me greater'; and in the course of time he unexpectedly gave me Exeter, with all the diocese that belonged to him in Saxony and in Cornwall."

The traces of King Alfred's Abbey have not quite vanished, though the edifice itself has long been extinct. One remarkable memorial of the great Saxon, found in the seventeenth century, calls for mention. It was a ring or amulet of enamel and gold, with the inscription in the language of the day—"Alfred caused me to be made." The site of the Abbey is now marked by a stone monument, raised at the beginning of the present century by Sir John Slade. Doubtless some of the stories of King Alfred's adventures during his three years' sojourn in the

island are quite mythical—that of allowing the cakes to burn in the peasant's hut among the rest—but his actual residence there is historic and important.

Another small "island" only a few miles away also has its ancient story of royalty to treasure. This is Muchelney, situated on the marshes at the confluence of the Yeo (Ivel) and Parrett. A convent which did not disappear until the time of the general dissolution in Henry VIII.th's reign was reputed to have been founded by King Ine, who reigned in 688, but it is more likely that King Ethelstan caused it to be erected upon the site of an earlier building. The little "Isle" of Beckery has a still greater distinction, for it claims to have had a monastery founded by St. Patrick himself, and of which institution the saint was the first Abbot. It is said also that he died in the island, and was buried near the altar of the old church. Mr. G. W. Wright in his valuable antiquarian work tells us that the Colony, founded at this early date in the Isle of Beckery, or as it was also called in consequence of St. Patrick's connection with it, "Little Ireland," established a school of learning which attracted hundreds of scholars to its shrine. This first monastery, with its church, was mentioned by Adam de Domerham as still existing in 1275.

Such, in brief, are the leading facts in the history of the chief "islands" in Somerset. Sanctuaries they may be termed for excellent reasons, for there is not one of them but claims attention by reason of its ancient associations with the Christian Church. Professor Freeman mentions one unique claim that can be set forth,

for instance, by Glastonbury. "There never was a moment," he says, "when men of any race bowed to Woden in the Isle of Avalon. Nowhere is there the same unbroken continuity of the religious life." These Somerset "isles" have a record of which Canterbury itself could not boast. The Briton and the Englishman in these places both held the same creed, a creed in which no wavering took place through all the many centuries of storm and strife. Another justification for the use of the term "sanctuary" is found in the fact of their having so often provided shelter for refugees and fugitives, or having been havens of rest for the weary. Yet it is not a little surprising to the visitor to some of these almost deserted places to-day to think that so much history is stored up in their past and recalled by their names.

"Quorum Reliquæ hic sunt."

BY CUMING WALTERS.

REFERENCE has been made in many of the preceding pages to the antiquities in which Somerset abounds. A somewhat more detailed consideration may now be given to the facts, for the relics of British, Roman, and Saxon times have proved of inestimable value to the historian and archæologist. Somerset has been a special field for study in this respect, and it has richly repaid the labour expended upon it. Doubtless more yet remains to be done systematically, and the yield will be great. As it is, many of the discoveries are casual and accidental. Only a few months ago (1896) a kistvaen, or ancient British grave, with skeleton, was discovered on Exmoor. It was a stone-built chamber, about four feet below the surface, and measured three feet six inches. Considering the number of ascertained British, Danish, and Roman encampments in Somerset, it is obvious that regular investigation, if it could be undertaken, would possibly bring to light even more valuable and amazing facts than those hitherto revealed. John Rutter, in his "Delineations of the North-Western Division of the County of Somerset," published in 1829 (a work upon which I shall draw considerably in this chapter, and my indebtedness to which I hereby fully acknowledge), gives a list of twenty-one British stations, sixteen

Roman encampments, and three places which can be traced to Danish occupation. In addition to these there was Belluton, a town of the Belgæ, and there was Stanton Drew, supposed to be the site of a Druidical Temple. Traditions about Druidical buildings in Somerset are, however, to be received with all reserve. We get as near to the ancient Briton and his immediate successors in Somerset, however, as we can do in any part of England. We can not only trace his stations, but in some cases their characteristics. Thus, on the Avon river near Clifton, there were three camps, connected by a ford; at Castle of Comfort may be found British Circles and Tumuli; at Portishead was a Coast Station, afterwards occupied by the Romans; at Walton are earth-works; and Burrington Combe was a place of sepulture. Again, a succession of occupations, British, Roman, and Saxon or Danish, can be traced at Banwell Hill, Brean Down, Dolbury, Portishead Hill, and other places; and at these spots are found not only the remains of the ancient structures but coins, pottery, and weapons. Flint knives and other neolithic relics, cinerary urns, stone enclosures, barrows, kists, circles, and tumuli, tell unmistakably of the Belgic-British tribe which dwelt long among the Somerset hills. They were not driven from their camp on Worle Hill until the sixth century, when the West Saxon King, Ceawlin, began the work of expulsion—a task not completed until the time of Athelstan, four hundred years later. Worle Hill was a veritable stronghold, enclosed by a quarter of a mile of ramparts, which could not be reached until seven ditches had been crossed. Two ramparts,

fifteen feet in height, were composed entirely of stones, and with their corresponding ditches they crossed the hill as far as the security of the station required. "That the Danes occupied this in the tenth century," writes Rutter, "there can be little reason to doubt; but the original formation belongs to the Britons. Some chieftain of the Hædui seems to have employed the whole strength of the clan in fortifying this retreat for himself, his subjects, and their cattle, against the invasion of their enemies by sea or land; and here he might have dwelt occasionally, with some of the principal of his dependent neighbours." A barrow of loose stones still remains on this interesting site. The Romans as well as the Danes recognized the full advantage of this fortification. They made it a guard station and a retreat, and it was not until the Saxons destroyed the Danish camp in 998, that Worlebury lost its importance.

But of all places where the Danish pirates made their influence felt, Watchet is perhaps the chief. They ravaged the place in 988, and slew the thane, Goda. They fought one, and only one, pitched battle, and it is believed that the memorable encounter took place at Knap Dane, where human bones have been dug up and strange weapons found. Camden records that "in a field called Knap Dane were found a vast quantity of human bones, supposed of the Danes who landed at Watchet;" and undeterred by their defeat they landed at Watchet again in 997, and "wrought much evil"—according to the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle—"by burning and by manslaying." Some confusion exists, however, as to the date of these battles, and also as to the scene of them;

and the rival claims of Knap Dane and Battlegore alike deserve attention as to each of them having witnessed the actual encounter between the Danes and the men of Wessex. At Cleeve Toot, near Yatton, a rude circular encampment shows that this place was also held by the Danes, and John the Dane held the manor (according to Domesday Book) in the time of Edward the Confessor. Dolbury was another of their encampments, and according to the remains it must be judged as having been strongly fortified and capable of offering severe resistance. There is a tradition that much treasure was concealed here. Leland refers to the superstition, and recalls a current distich—

“If Dolbyri diggèd were,
Of gold should be the share,”

but the prophecy has never received direct or indirect confirmation. Finally we trace the Danes to a strong position at Portishead, that ancient landing-place of the Romans which played an important and exciting part in history during a long period extending to the time of the Cavalier and Roundhead struggles. The siege of Portishead Fort, in 1645, by Sir Thomas Fairfax, is a lively incident in the famous campaigns of that era.

To return from the digression into which we have been led. If it could be proved that at Stanton Drew the three stone circles were the work of the Druids, we should certainly have in them the most interesting of all the monuments of a bygone age and a vanished race. But Druidical traditions in the county are very likely to prove illusory. A large number of the groves to be

met with in Somerset have been associated with the Druids without any endeavour being made to support the conjecture by evidence. At Stanton Drew, however, the evidence exists in the ponderous stones, originally between twenty and thirty in number, which form a rough amphitheatre. "The most rational conjecture," writes Rutter, in regard to the stones, "appears to be that their original number was thirty, corresponding with the days of the calendar month. They are of various sizes, the largest measuring nine feet in height and twenty-two in circumference. The entrance to this circle was probably on the eastern side, where lie two stones eighteen feet asunder from centre to centre, but appearing comparatively small from being either buried in the ground or broken off; opposite to these are five stones, placed in two rows, which are the only remaining ones that formed the entrance into the larger temple." The second circle is of superior workmanship, and probably was led up to by an avenue; the third circle, forty yards in diameter, is called the Lunar Temple. Further off are three great stones placed in triangular form on an eminence, and here it is assumed the Druids were seated when administering justice. The temple at Stanton Drew is believed to be of anterior date to that at Stonehenge, and dedicated to Thoth, the greatest god of the Celts, an astronomer, descended from Noah. He was worshipped alike by the Egyptians, the Phœnicians, and the Druids, and to him was due the discovery of the number of days in the solar year. Stanton Drew is assumed to have been a seat of government of the Hædui tribe, and Seyer, the local historian, thinks that the

circles were erected by the Druids for the united purposes of religion, law, and government. Sacred rites were performed within the temple, sacrifices offered up daily, and the tribe assembled within the sacred enclosures for settlement of peace and war, taxation, the succession of lands, and the appointment of chiefs. Thus the stone town of the Druids deserves to rank as first in importance among the places of antiquity. There are, I believe, no other parts of the county to which the Druids can be definitely traced. Mr. Page, in his "Explorations of Exmoor," remarks that a good many people who have been over Somerset have been bitten by the Druidical mania. They assign Drucombe Wood, and Badgeworthy, and many another picturesque and romantic locality, to the mysterious pagans, who exercised so mighty an influence over the races among whom they dwelt.

The name *Castell* was the usual designation of the British encampments, and castle hills abound in Somerset and enable us to track the race throughout the county. In these places strange relics have been unearthed, large urns full of the fragments of burnt bones being not uncommon. Elsworthy Barrows, Maes Knoll Tump, Butcombe Barrow, opened in 1788 after remaining unknown for two thousand years ; * Leigh Down, and the various other districts in which tumuli have been found, all make part of the same story. We

* Rutter says—"This sepulchre must have been constructed before the Roman conquest, as is proved by the extraordinary rudeness of the stones ; and at a time when the use of iron was unknown, and therefore prior to the Julian era. The absence of mortar is another additional proof. . . . Many of the stones of which the cells are composed weigh two or three tons each, and are in the very state in which nature formed them. . . . It was perhaps a burial place formed by the early Britons, and possibly connected with the great Druidical settlement at Stanton Drew."

have, in addition to these, the British trackways which traversed the region, such as that between the camps at Burghwalls and Stokeleigh, and that from Minehead to Neroche. Parts of these are still visible. And, last of all, we have the indubitable evidence of names.* With the British chieftain, Arthur, I have already dealt; but his historian, Gildas Badonicus, the man of Bath, also can be traced from his native place to the deserted reed island, known as Steep Holm. Here he dwelt in loneliness while the Picts and Saxons were in conflict. It is he who, in the famous "*De Excidio Britanniaë*," has left us the most valuable records of the disturbed period when Britons were waging war against each other, and were harassed by foreign invaders. He was the faithful follower of Aurelius Ambrosius and Arthur, who opposed the Pagans. "The poor remnant of our nation," he says, "being strengthened that they might not be brought to utter destruction, took arms under the conduct of Ambrosius, a modest man, who, of all the Roman nation, was then alone in the confusion of this troubled period by chance left alive. His parents who, for their merit, were adorned with the purple, had been slain in the same broils, and now his progeny, in these our days, although shamefully degenerated from the worthiness of their ancestors, provoked to battle their conquerors, and, by the goodness of God, obtained the victory." The hermit of Steep Holm did not see the victory maintained. Before he died, the Pagan Saxons had begun their

* "Their names are everywhere. There is Dunkery, 'dun creagh' or 'cerrig,' the rough hill; Leather ('lledr') Barrow, the steep barrow; Dunster, 'dun tor,' the towered hill, &c."

predominance, and their palaces were soon to replace the forts of the Britons.

Relics of the Saxon royal residencies are to be found in Somerset. According to Camden, one stood at Porlock, that famous place where the red deer were hunted; another was at Dunster, where in later times the mighty family of the Mohuns built a castle, the ruins of which on a wooded knoll make a singularly beautiful and impressive picture. The Norman knight, De Mohun, who was given land in Somerset by his master, William the Conqueror,* was the founder of Minehead, or Mohun-head, and he and his descendants for generations exercised despotic sway over the district. They held Dunster Castle for the Empress Maud against King Stephen; Reginald de Mohun was created "Earl of Est" (*id est* Somerset) by the Pope in 1253, and shown other high honour; while in feudal times Lady Mohun performed a service for the inhabitants of Dunster, which is only comparable with that performed by Lady Godiva for the citizens of Coventry. According to quaint old Fuller, the wife of John, the last Lord Mohun of Dunster, about the year 1413, "obtained from her husband as much good ground for the common of the town as she could in one day (believe it a summer one for her ease and advantage) compass about, going on her naked feet." Although the Norman Castle is the first building on Tor Hill of which any record exists, there is little doubt that it was a Saxon stronghold, and remained so until Aluric the Saxon was dispossessed. Harold himself, the

* According to Domesday Book—"William de Molun holds Torre, and there is his castle. Aluric held it in the time of King Edward."

last of the Saxons, had estates in Somerset, and to Porlock, not far away, he made his historic visit on returning from Ireland in 1052. There he achieved a victory against the forces of Edward the Confessor, but the men of Somerset had not welcomed Earl Godwin's son, and he left an evil memory behind him on account of his excesses in that county. The remains of his camp are to be seen near the church. Porlock is now chiefly noted for its legends of ghosts, that of Mrs. Leakey, the whistling ghost, ridiculous as it is, having been given an importance not its due by mention of it in Sir Walter Scott's "Rokeby," and by a formal inquiry into its truth in the time of Charles I.

Another Saxon stronghold with a notable later history is Woodspring, held by one Euroac until confiscated by King William and presented to Serlo de Bercei, from whom it passed to William de Faleise. It remained in the possession of Norman lords, and in 1210 belonged to William de Courteneye, or Courtney, a descendant of William de Tracy, who struck the first blow at Thomas à Becket in Canterbury Cathedral. A curse had rested upon the Tracys since the time of the murder. Of the four knights who had participated in the crime, three were able to act on the Pope's advice and expiate their wickedness by fighting against the heathen. The fourth and chief offender, Tracy, always found wind and tide opposed to him when he would set sail for the Holy Land, and he died with the vengeance of God still upon him in his Somerset retreat. His descendants made amends by founding Woodspring Priory, and it was dedicated to the martyr

and richly endowed by the families of all the assassins of Becket. The place was a shrine, and in 1852 a wooden cup, much decayed, was discovered in a hollow in the back of a statue fixed against the wall. “The cup contained,” we read, “a substance which was decided to be the dried residuum of blood. From the connection of the Priory with the murderers of Becket, and from the fact that the seal of the Priory contained a cup or chalice as part of its device, there can be little doubt that this ancient cup was preserved at the time of the Dissolution as a valuable relic, and that the blood which it contained was that of the murdered prelate.” In the time of the historian Rutter, a considerable part of the Priory was standing, but converted into a farm-house. “Little,” he says, “did the original tenants imagine that their whole premises were one day to be occupied by a farmer, that their refectory was to be converted into a cart-house, and the church itself into a cellar.”

A line of ramparts, camps, and earthworks can be traced along the Wansdike, a very important relic marking the boundary and frontier of the ancient Belgæ. Here was the dividing line between the Belgæ and the aboriginals, whose land they had overrun, and here must have occurred some of the most obstinate of battles between the two races. Hence the necessity for a large number of fortified places more or less connected with each other. The Wansdike, taking its name from the Saxon God, Woden, extended in a direct line from the Thames, passed through Wiltshire (where it was strongest), and then entered Somerset and continued its course over Claverton

Down. It is supposed to have terminated at Portishead. The Romans had another road from Uphill to Old Sarum. Rutter tells us that a straight line of the road led direct to the ancient village of Oldmixon, but that its course was indistinct over Bleadon Down until it crossed the turnpike road from Bristol to Bridgewater. "It is not easy," he adds, "to conjecture the intent of the small square enclosure which it reached at Banwell; but from this point the road is continued direct to the modern village of Shipham, leaving Doleberry and Dinhurst camps to the left, and shortly after it arrives at a spot where a narrow pass has been cut through the rocky structure to admit its passage. It then intersects a small square earthwork or camp, and traversing a valley is carried along the side of the Blackdowne ridge. Having reached the summit, it proceeds to Charter House, twelve miles from Uphill. On this spot are evident vestiges of a very extensive Roman settlement and station." Throughout its course to the once impregnable fortress of Sorbiodunum, sepulchral barrows, tumuli, and other remains of British settlements are to be found in addition to the stations of the Romans.

One of the principal places intersected by this road was Axebridge, and some fine tessellated pavements have been found in the vicinity at Pitney. Axebridge has a strange and long history, and its ancient charters are among the most curious extant. Another town on the same route was Wraxall, a Roman beacon station, where coins of Constantine, Claudius, and Crispus, have been unearthed. The so-called Cæsar's Camp in Somerset is not pure Roman, though there is no

doubt that it was occupied by the legions or used as an *æstiva*, or summer quarters. A similar instance is to be found at Danesborough (originally, perhaps, Dinas-burgh), where the earthworks belong to pre-Roman times, and have even been assigned to Belgic origin. Whatever the origin of the camp, the Romans certainly used it as a retreat. It was in this region that, in the year 1666, two large earthen pitchers, filled with Roman coins, were found in the fields; and it is supposed that they were buried by Ostorius, who was suddenly called upon to march westward in order to subdue the insurrectionary Silures. Wherever we wander in Somerset, over hills or among valleys, across the forded rivers, skirting rocks, or groping in caverns, we are confronted with strange facts and rare truths. The misty past is illumined, and across the gap of centuries we are once more brought into touch with the early Briton and his immediate successors. The quiet and deserted corners of the peaceful country are thronged with memories, legends, and traditions,—“the dust we tread once breathed.” It is a land of myths and phantoms, of shadowy heroes, of shrouded history; a land where long calm has followed early stress and storm; a land of buried cities and stored romance. Its chronicles are not the chronicles of one race or one people, but they intermingle with the chronicles of other lands. Somerset history is mixed with the history of Rome, of Brittany, of Siluria, of Belgic Gaul, of Saxon and Norman England. Here were fought the first battles of the British, Somerset men fought the critical battle of Ellandune, Saxon Alfred here drove back the Danish invaders, and here, championing

a wrong but not unworthy cause, the descendants of the Somersætas staked their hopes in the last pitched battle on English soil. In Somerset we find quaint old customs surviving, a quaint dialect spoken, primitive superstition credited, and the simple faith of other times preserved. The county of the earliest church and the richest abbey, the county where Christianity was first introduced, Somerset deserves lasting fame as the centre from which Christian light was diffused during the darkest times of England's history.

And, if the prophecies of Merlin be true, it is in this slumbrous county that the noble Arthur, deathless but spellbound, will one day arise in renewed glory and begin afresh his work of breaking the heathen and rescuing England in her hour of peril. Thus do the men of Somerset believe that the future of their county will exceed in brilliance the wonder and marvel of its past.

The City and County of Bristol.

BY CUMING WALTERS.

HITHERTO there has been but slight mention of Bristol in this volume, mainly in consequence of the doubt which exists as to whether it can really be claimed as a Somerset city. The subject is further complicated by the fact, that since the year 1373 Bristol has been a county in itself. According to the map, it extends about equally over the boundary lines of Gloucester and Somerset, reaching out to its suburb Clifton, which is in the latter county, and has so grown as scarcely to be distinguishable from the city itself. Originally the town stood on a peninsula between the rivers Avon and Frome, but the area was enlarged, bridges were made connecting the town with the outlying manors of Redcliffe and Templelee, belonging to the lords of Berkeley, and eventually those places were included in the town, together with Bedminster, though not until the strong opposition of the territorial lords had been overcome. The Gloucestershire portion of Bristol is the more populous; the Somerset portion is the more interesting.

The history of Bristol begins with the bare record of its name upon a silver coin, dating back, it is believed, to between the years 980-1000. Although the Romans were so near, and undoubtedly had a camp at Clifton, there is no record of their being actually on the spot which the city

afterwards occupied. But in point of fact the first chapters in the history of Bristol remain unwritten, and, what is more unusual, scarcely guessed at. How the morass was drained we know not, nor by whom; when it first became a settlement we cannot tell. Its history begins, as we have said, with the inscription on a coin, and that coin, a silver penny, takes us back to the days of one of the last of the Saxon Kings, Ethelred the Unready. But was the coin, bearing Bristol's name, really minted at Bristol? If so, it must have been a place of no mean importance before the Conquest, a place of fair population, a recognised centre of trade, perhaps already a flourishing port. Yet none of these things are chronicled. The original form and the meaning of the name are also matters of dispute. In the "Chronicle" of 1087 we find mention of Bricgstow, followed in later years by the usual variations, Brycg-stow, Brigestou, Bricstow, Bristou, and Bristowe, all meaning "the place at the bridge" (over the river Avon), or "the place of the breach" (that is, of the great gorge through which the river runs). The name Bristowe still survives in a limited way. Coleridge wrote of "proud Bristowa's citizens," justly preferring the older and more poetical form. In 1190 the name is mentioned in a charter from King John as Bristallum, and there were many other variations. It is doubtful whether Brennus, the Gaulish chief, was the founder of Bristol, or that his brother, Belinus, had anything to do with its origin.

The rise, riches, and importance of Bristol originated in a custom which public sentiment would no longer tolerate, the export slave-trade.

Most of the English slaving-ships until about 1730, belonged to this port; and children were sold like cattle in the market place, until, in 1574, Queen Elizabeth ordered an inquiry to be made into the condition of all "bondsmen" in Somerset and other western counties. A Commission was appointed to arrange for their manumission, and to enable them to enjoy lands and goods as freedmen. Long after serfdom had been abolished, Bristol was engaged in its unholy traffic, and was sending slaves to Ireland. The powerful denunciations of Wulfustan, Bishop of Worcester, had considerable effect upon the citizens, who at length, in their Gild, solemnly bound themselves to renounce the practice. In order to show their earnestness in this resolution, and in order to deter offenders, they punished with the loss of both his eyes the first man who tried to violate the engagement. There was, as Macaulay has told us, a great demand for labour in the Transatlantic possessions of the Crown, and this demand was supplied by crimping and kidnapping. This system was so extensive and common at Bristol, that "even the first magistrates were not ashamed to enrich themselves by so odious a commerce."

So late as 1729, the Attorney-General and Solicitor-General in England gave it as their opinion that a slave did not become free on entering England, and that baptism did not bestow freedom upon him, nor make any alteration in his temporal condition in the Kingdom. They were also of opinion that the master could legally compel the slave to return again to the plantations. This ruling gave the English slave-dealers great help, and less than a hundred years ago the

historian Hutton saw slave-ships crowded with their miserable human cargo in Liverpool. It was for the post of surgeon on a Bristol slave-ship that Thomas Chatterton applied in his despair in 1770, just before he ended the struggle of life by taking poison.

The building of Bristol Castle is assigned to Geoffrey, Bishop of Coutances, but this stronghold did not have a particularly long or eventful history, that is, when compared with the history of like buildings in this country. Mention of one or two curious episodes must not, however, be omitted. Up to the time of King Charles I. Bristol formed part of the royal manor of Barton, and the Constable of the Castle was the monarch's representative, and as such, the head of all the civil authorities. The mayor was tributary to him, and to him made his oaths. The rule of the Constable degenerated into tyranny, and the people revolted against it. The citizens were further hampered by the fact that the city was given to Queen Eleanor as a marriage portion, and they were obliged to pay "rent" until the time of Charles I. "With regard to the ancient munition of the place," says one writer, "from Brandon Mount, between the city and Clifton, might have been counted as many as twenty-three strong towers upon the lines of embattled walls that compassed the town, besides nine over the principal gates. The inner of these double walls sustained in its circuit five parish churches, of which St. John's, with its spired tower springing from the crest of a 14th century portcullised gateway, yet exists. To the east were the embrasured walls and seven towers of the feudal

castle, of which the Donjon Keep was like in form and dimensions to the White Tower of London. Within the area thus guarded there were no fewer than eighty towers, besides crosses, conduits, holy wells, and the numberless gabled houses and Gothic buildings, every one of which was, more or less, a study for a painter."

The unfortunate Robert, son of William the Conqueror, was kept a prisoner in Bristol Castle for some time by his brother Henry. Robert, Earl of Gloucester, rebuilt the castle early in the twelfth century, and made it famous for a vast keep, but again it was destined to neglect and decay. In 1654, the castle was finally demolished, and scarcely a trace of it remains to-day, though its name survives and its locality is indicated in Castle Street and Tower Street.

The first charter to the city was granted by Henry III., and it was accompanied by an extraordinary gift—the gift of Dublin to the citizens. This monarch, who had been crowned at Gloucester, proceeded to Bristol for the holding of his first Parliament. In 1300, the burgesses paid King Edward I. three hundred marks for the right of electing their mayor, but it was not until thirty years later that they were freed from the lordship of the Castle. The granting of the charter was commemorated by the citizens by the erection of a market-cross at the junction of the four principal streets of the city. The first Mayor of Bristol was elected in 1217, and the office carries with it the exceptional privilege of allowing Bristol's chief magistrate to sit, during his year of office, on the bench in any common law court in the kingdom. This right was stoutly

maintained, in 1762, by John Noble, who insisted upon sitting by the side of the Judge in the Court of Admiralty.

Bristol has had more than its ordinary share of turbulence and warfare, and remained unaffected by very few of the national uprisings of historic importance. We find the city besieged by Stephen the Usurper, and by weak Edward II. ; and we find it mixed up to some extent in the Wars of the Roses, when leading citizens like the princely merchants, the Canynges, boldly avowed themselves in sympathy with the Yorkist cause. In the days of Cavalier and Roundhead conflict it fell into the hands of Prince Rupert, but was retaken two years later by the Parliamentarians under Fairfax. Finally it took a leading part in the Reform riots early in the present century, originating in the indignation felt by the citizens in consequence of their Recorder's opposition to Lord John Russell's scheme. The Reform Bill riots of 1831, were not only disgraceful in themselves, but they had most lamentable consequences at Bristol. The infuriated mob obtained a temporary mastership and exercised their power in that reckless and sacrilegious way for which mobs are but too notorious. In a spirit of blind fanaticism they set about their vandalistic work, destroying the Bishop's house by fire, throwing down the old toll-houses, and reducing to ashes a number of the leading residences and some of the most historic structures. It was only when some dozen of the rioters had been cut down that peace was restored, and four of the ruffians were subsequently hanged for their execrable work. The damage done during the

three days of mob rule was close upon £70,000. Dr. Gray was Bishop during the turbulent period of the riots, and on the day that the city was in flames and his own Palace reduced to ashes, he "preached a sermon of singular excellence, and with a spirit that seemed raised far above all regard to the persecution he was enduring."

During the struggle between King Charles and the Puritans, Bristol played an important part, and its adhesion to Cromwell was a deadly blow to the Cavaliers. Cromwell saw the hand of divinity in his conquest of Bristol. "We had not killed of ours in the storming nor in all this siege two hundred men," he relates. "He who runs may read that this is none other than the work of God." When the committee for establishing a godly and pious ministry was subsequently founded, he rejoiced that in Bristol, all the citizens had "the same spirit of faith and prayer, the same presence and answer."

Macaulay recalls the fact that Pepys, who visited Bristol eight years after the Restoration, was struck with the splendour of the city. "But," adds the historian, "his standard was not high, for he noted down as a wonder the circumstance that in Bristol a man might look round him and see nothing but houses. It seems that in no other place with which he was acquainted, except London, did the buildings completely shut out the woods and fields. Large as Bristol might then appear, it occupied but a very small portion of the area on which it now stands. A few churches of eminent beauty rose out of a labyrinth of narrow lanes, built upon vaults of no great solidity. If a

coach or cart entered those alleys, there was danger that there it would be wedged between the houses, and danger also that it would break in the cellars. Goods were therefore conveyed about the town almost exclusively in trucks drawn by dogs; and the richest inhabitants exhibited their wealth, not by riding in gilded carriages, but by walking the streets with trains of servants in rich liveries, and by keeping tables loaded with good cheer. The pomp of the christenings and burials far exceeded what was seen at any other place in England. The hospitality of the city was widely renowned, and especially the collations with which the sugar-refiners regaled their visitors. The repast was dressed in the furnace, and was accompanied by a rich beverage made of the best Spanish wine, and celebrated over the whole kingdom as 'Bristol Milk.' This luxury was supported by a thriving trade with the North American plantations and with the West Indies. The passion for colonial traffic was so strong that there was scarcely a small shopkeeper in Bristol who had not a venture on board of some ship bound for Virginia or the Antilles."

But although Bristol might be spoken of in such high terms, it has its darker aspect also. At the beginning of the present century it was in no very satisfactory state. An investigation was made and the results published, from which it appeared that 3,028 houses were examined, containing 5,981 families, consisting of 20,717 persons; 5,363 were boys, and 5,493 girls. English, 5,220; Irish, 501; Welsh, 170; Scotch, 15; French, 5; Italian, 6; Dutch, 5; German

5 ; Prussian, 2 ; Swiss, 1 ; East and West Indian, 2 ; and American, 1 ; not ascertained, 48. Families having sufficient cupboards or shelves, 3,688 ; having some but deficient, 1,421 ; without any, 872. Families having religious books (Bible and Prayer Book only, or both), 3,430 ; having other books or tracts, or parts of some, 947 ; not having any books or tracts (including two not ascertained), 1,604. Families having prints of some kind on the walls, 5,030 ; not having any, 2,938 ; not ascertained, 13. Families clean and respectable, 3,610 ; dirty and disreputable, 1,095 ; in considerable distress, 660 ; condition not ascertained, 616. Heads of families depositors in savings banks, or members of benefit societies or trade clubs, 940 ; not depositors nor belonging to any benefit society, etc., 4,973 ; not ascertained, 68. Heads of families who can read and write (more or less), 5,122 ; who can only read, 2,523. Total who can read, 7,645 ; unable to read or write, 2,204 ; not ascertained, 12. Men, 4,583 ; women, 5,278. Average rent paid by 1,799 families, for one room unfurnished, 1s. 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. per week ; 4 families, for one room unfurnished, free ; 943 families, for two rooms unfurnished, 1s. 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. per week ; 790 families, for three rooms unfurnished, 2s. 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. per week ; 632 families, for one room unfurnished, 2s. 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. per week ; ten families, for two rooms furnished, 2s. 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. per week ; 1,156 families, for houses (under £20), £9 9s. 8d. per annum ; 59 families, for houses (£20 and above) ; 588 not ascertained. Of the houses the lowest rent was, per annum, £3. Of the children are healthy, 10,085 ; unhealthy (1-14th), 771. Children at

school, not above three years of age, 120; from three to fourteen years old, 3,364; above fourteen years old, 222. Children not at school, not above three years of age, 2,294; from three to fourteen years old, 2,535; above fourteen years old, 2,291. Children stated by their parents to be able to read and write, 2,010; able to read only, 3,934; unable to read or write under seven years of age, 3603; above seven years of age, 1,309. Children able to repeat the Lord's Prayer, 6,504; not able, or too young, 4,352

Of all the Cathedrals in England, that at Bristol is the least interesting to the historian, and the most disappointing to the observer. From the architectural standpoint it is not worthy to rank with the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, and the antiquary will find many a small and remote parish church with richer archives. Its aspect is gloomy and depressing, and there is nothing impressive in its exterior. The Berkeley Chapel and a Norman gateway are the sole relics of importance of bygone times. The Cathedral realises no expectations; it has no striking or agreeable characteristics; it compares ill with every fabric of the sort in the kingdom. Wherever one looks nothing but keen disappointment awaits him. It is so destitute in historical interest that one can scarcely believe that he is in a neighbourhood where history has been made so extensively, and where so many historic personages have played their parts in remarkable dramas.

The beginnings of Bristol Cathedral can be traced back to a monastic establishment of Norman times. In 1140, Robert Fitzharding, claiming descent from the Danish kings, founded a monastery of

St. Augustine for Black Friars of the order of St. Victor. Fitzharding was one of those affluent merchant princes of whom William Canynge, who had eight hundred mariners in his employ, was the most celebrated. Most of these men gave of their abundance to the Church, and in Fitzharding's case went further still, for in his old age the wealthy man retired to the monastery, became a canon, and died in the odour of sanctity in 1170. This man was the first Lord of Berkeley, a family which for several centuries had so intimate a connection with the city and all its belongings. Tyrants as some of them were in their Castle, they nevertheless placed the Church under deep and lasting obligations. Robert Fitzharding enjoyed the personal friendship and favour of King Henry II., with whom he had been educated at a school in Baldwin Street by a tutor named Matthews; and when he endowed the Augustinian monastery he prevailed upon his Majesty to render liberal assistance also. Succeeding abbots continued the benefactions, and at the time of the Dissolution in 1539, the revenue was estimated at the goodly sum of £767 15s. 3d. The present establishment was then formed and dedicated to the Holy and Undivided Trinity. The Chapter House is one of the best specimens of architecture of which the Cathedral can boast, and there is an inscription over the gateway on College Green in ancient characters:—"Rex Henricus Secundus, et Dominus Robertus Filius Hardingi, filii regis Daniæ, hujus monasterii primi fundatores exstiterunt." On each side of the gateway are the figures of King Henry and Robert Fitzharding together with six dignitaries of the Church. The archi-

ture of the Cathedral is corrupt, partaking of the styles of different periods. Latterly a spacious nave, with side aisles and clerestory, has been added ; it is in the Early Decorated style. Most of the building, however, is characteristic of the period of Edward IV., about which time the Church was rebuilt. The heavy tower was originally designed to support a spire, but this improvement was never carried into effect. The interior of the Cathedral is rendered imposing by the loftiness of the roof.

Pretty Nell Gwynne expiated her life of scandal at Court by presenting to the Cathedral a stained glass window. None of the other decorations call for special or detailed notice. The monuments in the Cathedral are fairly interesting, though the persons whom they commemorate are, by a curious chance, either of quite local or of unsustained fame. Southey and Hannah More appeal no longer to literary students ; Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, the "Eliza" of Sterne, is forgotten now that the *Sentimental Journey* is rarely read ; Cowper's relative and correspondent "Dame Harriet Hesketh" does not excite the imagination; and even Bishop Butler, the author of the "*Analogy of Religion*," is a name rather than an influence in these times. The roll of the Bishops of Bristol, however, contains some commanding and illustrious names. In addition to Joseph Butler there was Dr. Secker, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Newton, author of the "*Dissertation on the Prophecies*," Dr. Gray, and Dr. Lake and Dr. Trelawney, two of the holy Seven committed to the Tower by order of James II. The twenty-first abbot, John Newland, or Nailheart as he was called in reference to his arms

of a heart pierced, was a man held in high repute by King Henry VII. as a diplomatist and a man of letters.

In the early part of the century while some repairs were being made in the edifice, a leaden coffin and several stone coffins were found in the Chapter House. In the leaden coffin was the skeleton of a man enveloped in a coarse covering of hair-cloth, and quite perfect. A cover to one of the stone coffins was found a few yards distant, on which was rudely cut a figure holding a cross in the right hand, while a child was at the feet. But Bristol Cathedral, disappointing in all things else, is disappointing in respect to relics also, the gateway to the ancient monastery alone excepted.

The architectural glory of Bristol is the magnificent Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, upon which the citizens have lavished far more of their wealth than upon their Cathedral. Queen Elizabeth declared that this church was "the fairest and most famous parish church in England," and the judgment, sweeping as it may appear, is held to have been good. Chatterton called it "the pride of Bristowe and Western Londe," and all critics are agreed that it has few if any equals in the country. It was founded by the great Canynge between 1290 and 1300, and its magnificent steeple was restored in 1842 after many years of neglect. Among the relics in the church is a whale-bone supposed to have been brought to the city by Cabot on his return from Newfoundland. Giovanni Cabot, the Venetian pilot and discoverer of the mainland of North America, had found his way to Bristol in 1472. From that port he set sail in 1497 upon his famous

voyage of adventure, and his three sons who accompanied him shared his triumphs. Of these three, Sebastian, who was born in Bristol two years after his father had taken up his residence as a merchant in the city, continued Giovanni's work, and in 1499 set out to discover a north-west passage. The remainder of his adventurous life with its vicissitudes, failures, imprisonments, and his final triumph and advancement at the English Court, do not concern Bristol, though that city may well be proud to have given birth to the man who was the director of some historic expeditions, who was the first to explain the variation of the magnetic needle, and who became the inspector of the English navy. He died in 1557 at the age of 83. A great deal of mystery, however, attaches to this man. By some he is said to have been born in Venice, not in Bristol, while it is also positively declared that the date of his death and his place of burial have never been ascertained. Most, if not all, of his valuable manuscripts have been lost, and only one of his famous maps can be traced.

Another celebrity connected with the Church of St. Mary, was the poet Thomas Chatterton. The "marvellous boy" was the son of a sub-chanter or sexton, who died just before his wife gave birth to the child who was destined to achieve a strange and lasting fame before he was seventeen years old. Thomas Chatterton's life was squalid and miserable. The precarious earnings of a poor sempstress only provided him with the humblest of homes, and debarred him from all luxuries. But the dreamy boy lit upon some dusty folios and black-letter manuscripts,

and immediately a new world opened out to him. He became a student of antique lore, and speedily passed from learning to imitation. The Canynge Coffre in the muniment chamber of St. Mary's Church set his fancy working, and provided him with suggestion and with themes. From that haunted treasury he drew forth, in imagination, an old manuscript—"The Ryse of Peyncteynge, written by T. Rowlie, 1469, for Mastre Canynge." Young Chatterton had received his education at Colston's Charity School, and on leaving he was articled to a lawyer in the city. But law had no attractions for him; he burnt his boats, and resolved on literature. "Sublime of thought, and confident of fame," as Coleridge sang of him, he imagined that his genius would be equal to the fierce struggle for recognition. It might have been, had he chosen other methods of securing attention and earning praise. His "fraud," however, was of the mildest type, and has been malignantly misjudged. It was no more than the "fraud" of the modern story-teller who pretends to give us a manuscript which he has found in an ancestor's oak-chest. Do we denounce Mr. Rider Haggard as a "forger" because of his mysterious findings of maps, charts, documents, and other relics? Do we call Sir Walter Scott a "forger" on account of his little deceptions with Jedidiah Cleishbotham? The accusation of fraud made against Chatterton is only equalled in nonsense by its cruelty. Among those who were attracted to Bristol on account of Chatterton's so-called imposture was Dr. Samuel Johnson. Boswell gives us a lively account of the visit:—

"On Monday, April 29, he and I made an

excursion to Bristol, where I was entertained with seeing him inquire upon the spot, into the authenticity of Rowley's poetry, as I had seen him inquire upon the spot into the authenticity of Ossian's poetry. George Catcot the pewterer, who was as zealous for Rowley as Hugh Blair was for Ossian (I trust my reverend friend will excuse the comparison), attended us at our inn, and with a triumphant air of lively simplicity called out, 'I'll make Dr. Johnson a convert.' Dr. Johnson, at his desire, read aloud some of Chatterton's fabricated verses, while Catcot stood at the back of his chair, moving himself like a pendulum, and beating time with his feet, and now and then looking into Dr. Johnson's face, wondering that he was not yet convinced. We called on Mr. Barret, the surgeon, and saw some of the originals, as they were called, which were executed very artificially; but from a careful inspection of them and a consideration of the circumstances with which they were attended, we were quite satisfied of the imposture, which, indeed, has been clearly demonstrated from internal evidence, by several able critics. Honest Catcot seemed to pay no attention whatever to any objections, but insisted as an end of all controversy, that we should go with him to the tower of the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, and view with our own eyes the ancient chest in which the manuscripts were found. To this, Dr. Johnson good-naturedly agreed; and though troubled with a shortness of breathing, laboured up a long flight of steps, till we came to the place where the wondrous chest stood. 'There,' said Catcot, with a bouncing confident credulity, 'there is the very chest itself.' After

this ocular demonstration, there was no more to be said. Johnson said of Chatterton, 'This is the most extraordinary young man that has encountered my knowledge. It is wonderful how the whelp has written such things.' We were by no means pleased with our inn at Bristol. 'Let us see now,' said I, 'how we should describe it.' Johnson was ready with his raillery. 'Describe it, Sir? Why, it was so bad that Boswell wished to be in Scotland.'"

The pathetic doom of Chatterton has been a fitting theme for poets. Coleridge felt deeply for the lad, and his lament echoes in our ears as we write :—

"Ye woods! that wave o'er Avon's rocky steep,
To Fancy's ear sweet is your murmuring deep!
For here she loves the cypress wreath to wave;
Watching, with wistful eye, the saddening tints of eve.
Here, far from men, amid this pathless grove,
In solemn thought the Minstrel wont to rove,
Like star-beam on the slow-sequestered tide
Lone-glittering, through the high tree branching wide.
And here, in inspiration's eager hour,
When most the big soul feels the maddening power,
 These wilds, these caverns roaming o'er,
 Round which the screaming sea-gulls soar,
With wild unequal steps he passed along,
Oft pouring on the winds a broken song:
Anon, upon some rough rock's fearful brow
Would pause abrupt—and gaze upon the waves below."

It is, again, with the struggling, and not with the successful, portions of the lives of Southey and Coleridge that we are made familiar in Bristol. Southey was a native of the city, in which his father had carried on an unfortunate linen-drapery enterprise. He met Coleridge at Oxford University; they were congenial spirits; they were both

scapegraces as undergraduates ; they both had the same poetical aspirations. After a somewhat stormy college career they met again at Bristol, and then began the still stranger parts of their histories. It was here that Coleridge, Southey, and one or two other friends had their visions of a new Utopia ; here that they developed their wild schemes of Pantisocracy. They were to go to some far-off place, live on a perfect equality, share their goods, and do great things for the welfare and betterment of humanity. As a preliminary to this ambitious enterprise, the penniless young men resolved upon marriage. They had made the acquaintance of the comely daughters of Stephen Fricker, a Bristol manufacturer lately deceased. Robert Lovell, a Quaker poet, had just married one ; Southey was engaged to another ; Coleridge promptly fell in love with a third ; and George Burnet desired the hand of a fourth, but was unlucky. The lady said that she did not desire to be made a wife in a hurry, and Mr. Hall Caine has unkindly observed that "she was permitted to abide by her resolution, and died a maid at seventy-three." No such precaution troubled the other sisters or their lovers. Coleridge married on no income at all, and on most delusive prospects ; Southey married while his position was uncertain in the extreme. The Bristol environment proved, however, to be advantageous, for the young poets made the acquaintance of Joseph Cottle, the bookseller, who was ready to give them a chance of making their merits known. They encountered also Mrs. Hannah More, then living in Somerset, Robert Hall, the Baptist preacher, William Gilbert, the

crazed poet, and various others. The little band felt the stimulus of close association with each other, and wrote together "The Fall of Robespierre," which enabled them to relieve themselves of their fiery ideas on the "tyranny" of the age. The Pantisocritans and their wives, however, instead of chartering a ship to take them to some fair foreign isle, found it necessary to settle down where they were, and find a definite means of earning a living; and no stately ship ever sailed from Bristol port to take them to their ideal Susquehanna. In 1795, Southey and Coleridge had been married at the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, and from that time their dreams of Pantisocracy faded away. This marked the close, also, of their connection with Bristol.

If the most striking curiosity in Bristol, either among institutions or survivals, is to be named, perhaps the ancient, honourable, and exceedingly influential Society of Merchant Venturers, and the Gild of the Calendars, would vie for first place. Both of them have a long and strange history; both of them have participated in important events, and it might almost be said that the rise, progress, and prosperity of the city had their origin in that authoritative corporation, which governed and monopolised the shipping trade and all connected therewith. In regard to the Gild of the Calendars—almost unique in this country—it should be stated at once, lest mistake should arise, that there is no connection between Calendars and almanacks, as Mr. Pecksniff on a celebrated occasion once declared was the case. Neither were the Calendars of Bristol to be confused with those mysterious and romantic person-

ages who fascinated us in boyhood, when we revelled in the weirdness and marvel of the "Arabian Nights Entertainment." The Calendars, who had their abode in the English city, were a religious body, men and women, who maintained a college and library, the latter for the use of all and sundry, and in reality the first "free library" ever established in this country. The books were, of course, mainly religious, and the brethren of the Gild were willing to give instruction in the Scriptures to all who came and sought. The original library was destroyed by fire in 1466; but a second was built soon after, and there could be found books to delight those who could read, while a lecture or Scripture lesson was delivered once a week for those who chose to attend and hear. The line of demarcation between some of the early monastic brotherhoods and trading communities is occasionally drawn with difficulty, and this happens to be the case with respect to the Gild of the Calendars. Its purposes were religious and secular, and its work was a mixture of education and trade. By a very curious coincidence, this admixture happens to be strongly represented in the buildings associated with the Gild, for the old library and scriptorium of the Calendars, converted alas! into an insurance office, is built into, and forms a portion of, All Saint's Church. Another "excrescence" of this Church (which is chiefly noted for containing the tomb of Edward Colston, Bristol's greatest philanthropist) is a parsonage, now transformed into a private office.

It is worth mentioning at this point that when, in the fourteenth century, the distinction between

a Gild and an incorporated Company was first made clear, Bristol was the first to obtain the full technical grant of corporate powers to its Gild. The Society of Merchant Venturers was a Gild which obtained and exercised these powers, being, in fact, a sort of feudal corporation. A "merchant" was a proud and distinguished man in the old days. According to the "*Lex Mercatoria*," no one dare style himself a merchant but he who "exported the native products and manufactures, or those of the colonies, to foreign climes, or imported the commodities of different countries into these kingdoms." Their patron saint was St. Thomas. In 1661, the Merchant Venturers on the west coast had a serious quarrel with the Merchant Venturers on the east, with the result that the latter formally announced that their Company "did not pretend to be the only Merchant Adventurers, yet count as their honour that they are no Company of one city, town, or burgh, but a national corporation, and dispersed all over the kingdom; that they all meet together in their marts abroad, where their consultations are for the interest of the whole kingdom, and where a majority of the freemen and traders present governs in all matters." But in reality the men of Bristol had little to fear, and their operations were of a very different nature to those of London, Newcastle, and Hull. The Merchant Venturers on the east traded with Europeans, the men of the west were finding new countries to colonise, develop, and supply with goods. They took their share, and a large share too, in opening up Virginia; they sent men as well as merchandise to New England; they built towns in the far

west, and their ships were the first to bring back tobacco, sugar, and cotton from the fertile lands. Cromwell utilised the Bristol ships for transporting the Irish "rebels" to the West Indian plantations, and thus in every way Bristol was connected with the great work which has been carried on in America for the last three or four centuries.

Richard Falconer, a Somerset man, born at Bruton, began his life of wild adventure at Bristol. In 1699, he set sail for Jamaica in the *Albion* frigate, encountering pirates on the way, meeting with tremendous storms, and eventually being cast adrift. He reached a small rocky island, on which he lived a Robinson Crusoe life for some time, until a few other shipwrecked mariners reached the same place and bore him company. How they were all rescued in a Spanish ship a year later he has told in his own graphic words, but on reaching Bristol again in June, 1700, he was so overcome to hear of the death of his father that he almost immediately set sail again in quest of further adventures. Could the story of Bristol mariners be fully told, it would prove to be one of the most exciting, strange, eventful, and fascinating of all such records. The Merchant Venturers and their men took enormous risks. Great disasters came to them at times, and immense fortunes also awaited them. They made Bristol the second city in the kingdom, they established manufactures, they connected the New World with the Old. It was in their docks that the *Great Western* was built, and her journey to New York marked the beginning of steam communication with the region which a Bristol man had discovered.

Bristol claims consideration also as a health

resort, and its mineral waters for pulmonary consumption are held in high favour. Hotwells is not now, however, the fashionable resort it was a century ago. I find in an old volume in my possession the following high testimony to the popular resort, written quite a hundred and fifty years ago :—" Bristol waters succeed best in those cases for which the waters of Bath are found prejudicial, and for this reason, since the operations of those waters have been more attentively considered, disused. In scorbutic cases their happy effects are undeniable; all excoriations in the dysentery, with ulcers in the intestines and kidneys, they heal beyond expectation, almost beyond credit; they check all immoderate secretion in such a manner, and with so great safety, that some regard this as the characteristic of Bristol waters; in all hæmorrhages they are admirable: and even in scrophulous cases they are very successful. In coughs, nay, and in consumptions of the lungs, cures have been effected by these waters, when all medicines failed; and the same is said in regard to cancerous sores. But in the two last cases more especially, the persons affected should be sent as early as possible, before the disease has been irritated, or the patients' strength weakened by other methods. These are usually styled the hot wells, because, besides St. Vincent's, there has been another warm spring discovered about a mile lower, on the same side the Avon. It may be, upon a strict examination of, and a close attention to their effects, greater difference in their qualities may be developed than ever the learned are willing to allow. As in the neighbourhood of these

salutiferous springs the air is excellent, the country pleasant, and all kind of accomodations to be had with ease, we cannot wonder at the great resort of people of all ranks hither in the summer, which is the proper, or rather the usual season; but in cases of necessity, there is no doubt, they may be safely and successfully used at any time."

The most graphic description of Bristol is that already referred to from the pen of Macaulay, who in order to give a faithful picture, visited the city. The locality was one which he greatly admired. Clifton became one of his favourite haunts. A journey to Cheddar, or to Barley Wood for Hannah More's sake, always delighted him. Although he never grew rapturous over scenery, he could enjoy the sight of the Somerset valleys. It was after a serious illness in 1852 that he paid a memorable visit to Clifton, and his diary contains a number of interesting passages. Almost as soon as he arrived we find that he "went out, reading Julius Cæsar and Suetonius, and was overtaken by heavy rains and thunder." On Sunday, August 15th,—“To Christ Church. I got a place among the free seats, and heard not a bad sermon on the word ‘Therefore.’ The preacher disclaimed all intention of startling us by oddity, after the fashion of the seventeenth century, but I doubt whether he did not find in St. Paul’s ‘therefore’ much more than St. Paul thought of.” A week afterwards Lord Macaulay and his sister Hannah were taken to Barley Wood. “The Valley of Wrington,” he writes, “was as rich and lovely as ever. The Mendip ridge, the church tower, the islands in the

distance, were what they were forty years ago, and more. But Barley Wood itself is greatly changed. There has been no want of care, or taste, or respect for old recollections; but the trees would grow, and the summer house would decay. The cottage itself (Hannah More's), once visible from a considerable distance, is now so completely surrounded with wood that you do not see it until you actually drive up to the door. The shrubs, which were not so high as I was at eleven years old, have become great masses of verdure; and at many points from which there once was an extensive prospect, nothing can now be seen. The house, and the esplanade of turf just before it, are the least changed. The dining-room and drawing room are what they were, the old engravings excepted, the place of almost every one of which I well remembered. The red roses run up the old trellis-work, or up trellis-work very like the old. But the Temple of the Winds is in ruins; and the root-house, which was called 'Tecta pauperis Evandri,' has quite disappeared. That was my favourite haunt. The urn of Locke has been moved. The urn of Porteous stands where it did. The place is improved, but it is not the place where I passed so many happy days in my childhood."

A day or two later Macaulay was found at Cheddar, and "never more delighted by any scenery," which is high praise indeed when we recall his many travels. He was enchanted with the region—"the gradual rising of the heights, till the defile from a rather tame valley became the most awful of ravines, was wonderful." He visited the church, and "remembered the old

pulpit of stone, painted," and recalled the Book of Martyrs fastened to a desk—"the only copy of the Book of Martyrs I ever saw in a parish church." He made a note of the fact that the parsonage in 1812 was said to be the oldest in England, and it had a hall as high as the house itself. "A new one has been built in very good taste," said Macaulay, "but I would rather have seen the old one." To his surprise he found another copy of the Book of Martyrs, a few days later, when he visited Wrington Church. From Wrington he walked to Barley Wood again, the place he loved so much on account of his boyhood's visit, and on account of Hannah More, whom he had singled out for such unstinted praise in his essays. "We saw Mrs. Hannah More's room," he wrote in his diary. "The bed is where her sofa and desk used to stand. The old bookcases, some of them at least, remain. I could point out the very place where the Don Quixote in four volumes stood, and the very place from which I took down, at ten years old, the Lyrical Ballads. With what delight and horror I read the Ancient Mariner! Home; much pleased with this second visit."

"Home," on this occasion, meant Clifton, 16, Caledonian Place, from whence he wrote to his friend Ellis to visit him, promising him, by way of attraction, a good bed-room, a great tub, a tolerably-furnished bookcase, lovely walks, a fine church, a dozen of special sherry, half-a-dozen of special hock, and a tureen of turtle soup. Of the "lovely walks" there are plentiful records. One was to Leigh Court, to see the famous collection of pictures. But he tells of one picture from life

which he saw on his journey, which was "more delightful than any in the collection." "In a deep shady lane was a donkey-cart, driven by a lad; and in it were four very pretty girls from eleven to six, evidently sisters. They were quite mad with spirits at having so rare a treat as a ride; and they were laughing and singing in a way that almost made me cry with mere sense of the beautiful. They saw that I was pleased, and answered me very prettily when I made some inquiry about my route, I begged them to go on singing; and they all four began carolling in perfect concert, and in tones as joyous as a lark's. I gave them the silver that I had about me to buy dolls. I should like to have a picture of the cart and the cargo." This was the end of his visit to Somerset, and the last he saw of Clifton and Bristol. Seven years later he died.

"I don't wonder," wrote Mr. Ruskin to a friend from Venice in May, 1841, "at your admiring Clifton. It is certainly the finest piece of limestone scenery in the kingdom, except Cheddar, and Cheddar has no wood. Did you ever find out the dingle running up through the cliffs on the south side of the river, opposite St. Vincent's? When the leaves are on, there are pieces of Ruysdael study of near rock there, with the noble cliff through the breaks of the foliage, quite intoxicating. But I cannot endure the Avon, nor the wells, nor the fashionabilities, nor the smoke, nor the boarding-schools on the downs, nor the steamers on the river, nor any other of the accompaniments." Mr. Ruskin's repugnance to the inevitable vulgarising of the choice places of the world will be shared by all lovers of scenery. The "City of

the Chasm," with its grand prospect-commanding heights, lacks the repose which it needs for its charm to be seen in perfection. It is not, however, a place of any notable history, though some legendary lore has gathered about its caverns. The trail of modernity is over it all, with its villas, schools, boarding-houses, and, as Mr. Ruskin says, its "fashionabilities." St. Vincent's Rocks, where "Bristol Diamonds" are found, are interesting to the antiquary as the site of a Roman encampment; and the cave in honour of Saint Vincent has been an attractive resort for many centuries. William of Worcester wrote in 1480, that a hermitage, with an oratory or chapel, was situated there.

Brunel's bridge over the Avon was begun on August 27th, 1836, and a contemporary account of the splendid mechanical triumph achieved will doubtless prove interesting. We learn from the *Mirror* of that date that preparatory to the laying of the first stone of the abutment of the bridge, on the Leigh or Somerset shore, an iron rod was stretched across the Avon; this, on Thursday, the 23rd of August, was precipitated from its airy height, in consequence of the breaking of a rope on the Clifton shore; one man only was slightly hurt, but the iron was driven about five feet deep in the bed of the river. Its appearance when fished up again was very curious, being not only crusted with mud, but bent into all the forms of the channel into which it had been precipitated. Its curves and contortions when once more elevated to its position, which was accomplished by Brunel, junior, made it a more picturesque object than it was before, and thousands visited

the spot which had become additionally interesting from the accident. All things being made ready, at an early hour on Saturday morning, the Marquis of Northampton laid the first stone, after the customary ceremonies, which he followed with a pertinent address. A procession then proceeded to Clifton under the direction of Lieutenant Claxon, R.N., with the usual insignia and decorations. The rocky ledges on both sides of the river were crowded with animated human life, and the effect amid such scenery could hardly be imagined, far less described. The water alone wanted some animation, for there was hardly a boat upon it, and an occasional steamer passing up or down scarcely redeemed it from stagnation. Four small balloons sent up from below the crag on the Leigh side, seemed to interest the multitude more than anything else ; and, in truth, it was pleasing to see them float along over the uplifted gaze of the tens of thousands, on so beautiful a spot. At the conclusion, the rivulet, not the tide, of human existence winding down the serpentine path on the Clifton side was a curious spectacle. At the Gloucester Hotel, a breakfast was given by the Trustees of the Suspension Bridge to about three hundred persons ; "several gentlemen addressed the assembly, and the cheering was not the less loud because tea, and not wine, was circulating at the tables. The reception of the elder Brunel must have been peculiarly gratifying to his feelings."

On the evening of the same day, Messrs. Laxton and Tait, two young engineers, got into a basket-car, and were drawn across the rod. Some obstacle occurred about midway, when the rope

by which they were being pulled across, was obliged to be loosened; and this at a time when the Benledi steamer was passing below. Her mast caught the line, and had it not been cut with great presence of mind, in all probability, a fatal catastrophe would have attended this adventurous attempt. As it was, the oscillation of the rod with the suspended basket was appalling, and the terror of the spectators was scarcely appeased when they saw the parties drawn back in safety to the shore.

The history of the city is very different to the history of its suburbs. On either side of the Avon, however, the citizens may find that charm of scenery and that repose which are so agreeable to all residents in the bustling centres of commerce. But Bristol itself has a history which attracts the antiquary, and it has relics which cannot fail to impress every studious observer.

Pictures of the past may be seen in some of the present streets of Bristol where antique buildings remain, where here and there may be observed the gables, the towers, the gates, and the stonework, of olden time. No one can walk in Pithay or along Maryleport Street, or round about the dusk streets without seeming to breathe the air of mediæval times. We are in a part of England abounding in memories and rich in historic associations, and here we get our last glimpse of that Somersetshire through which we have made a pilgrimage in the pages of this book.

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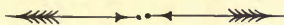
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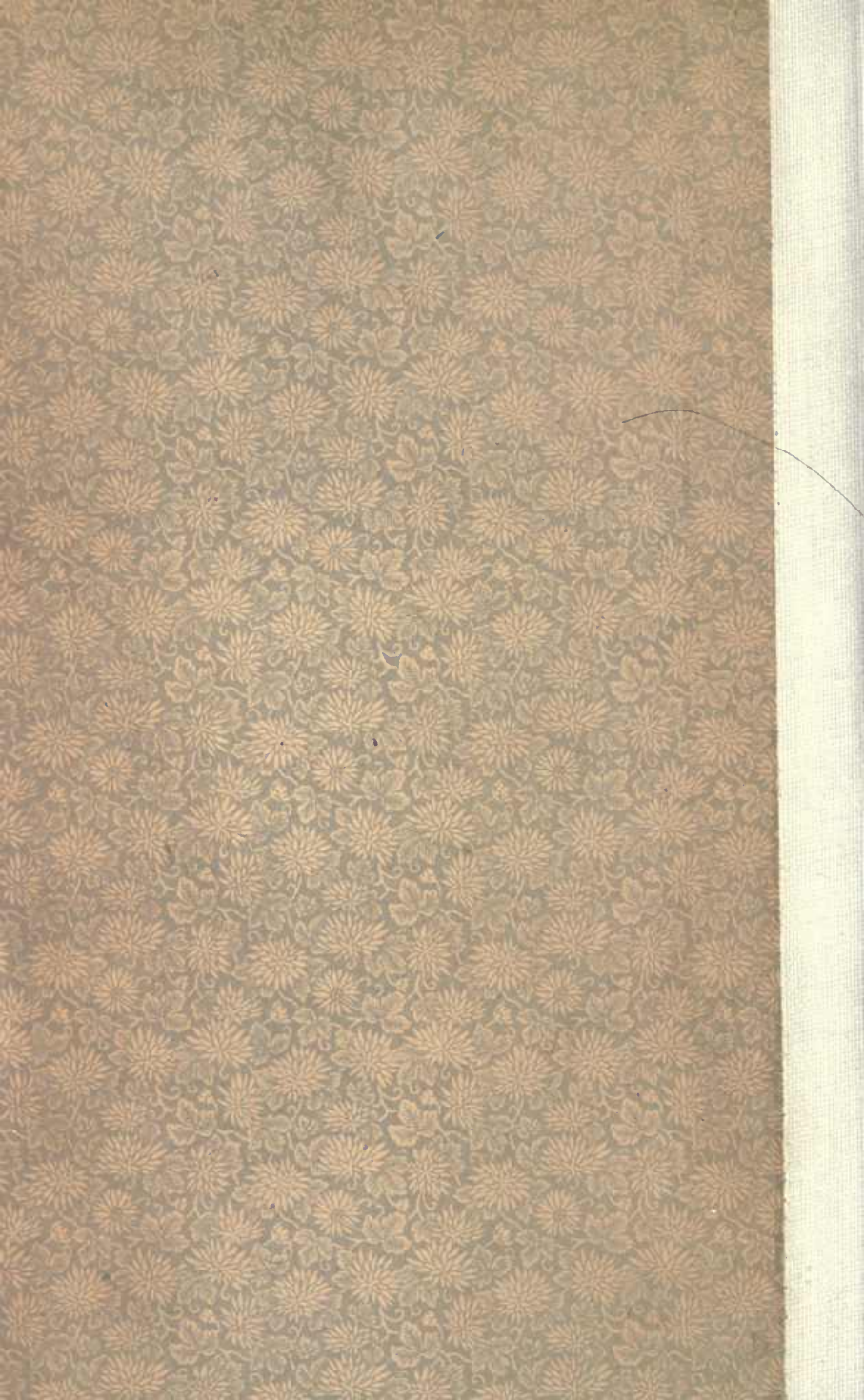
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